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THE JERUSALEM
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Friday, July 27, 1984



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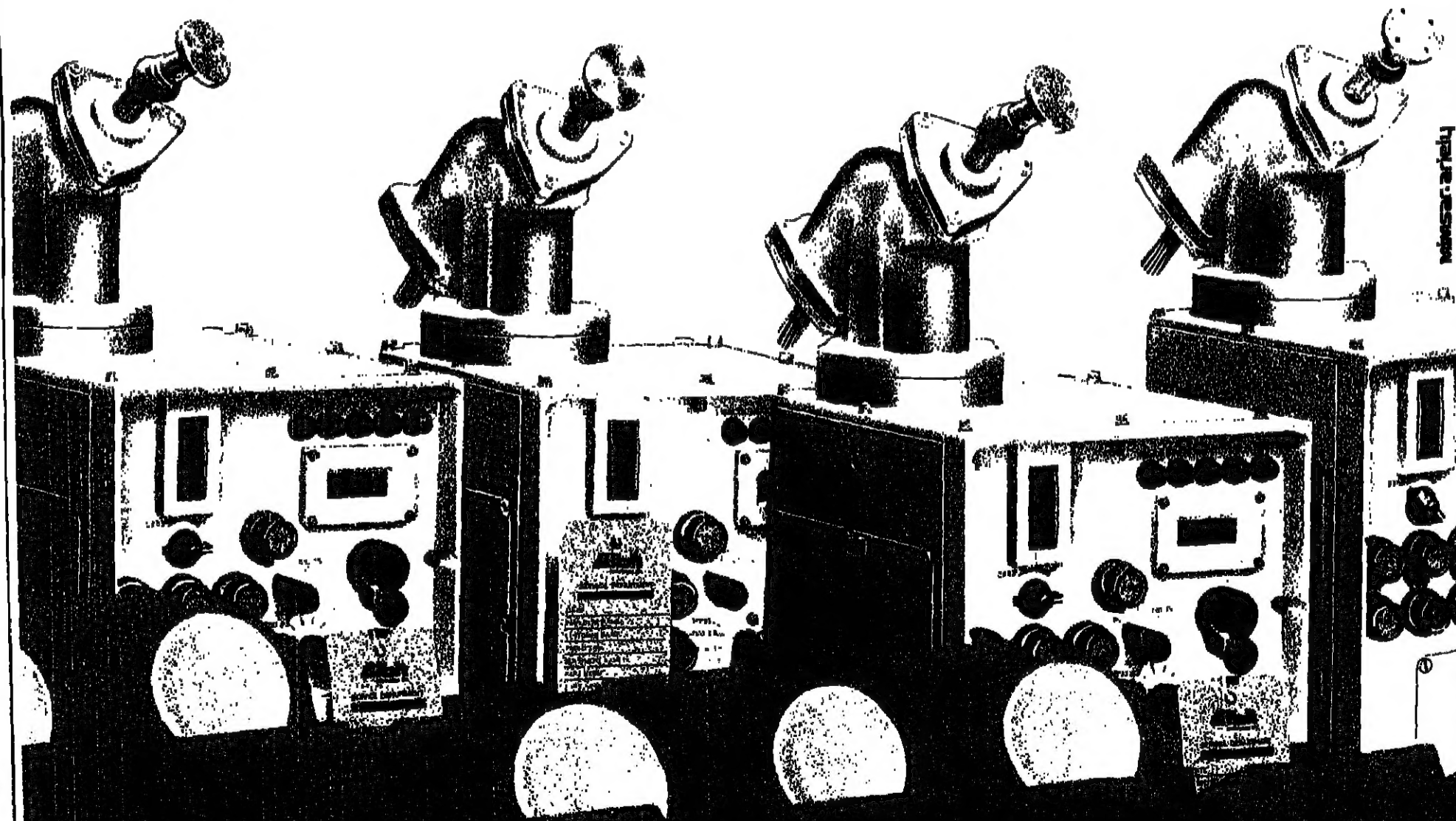
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A (HORSI), to paraphrase that early American politician Al Smith, "should have been able to beat the bus company on a laundry ticket."

The fact of the matter, however, is that the Labour Alignment was unable to pull out that last despite the fact that the Likud was running under the shadow of its Argentine twin terrors, the Lebanon War and the economic crisis.

Beating the Likud required, at a minimum, the attainment of a blocking majority on the part of the Alignment, its Shinui and Ratz (P.M.) allies and the two Arab lists, that would have made it impossible for the Likud to form a new coalition.

The Alignment fell three seats short of that goal. The result is an electoral stalemate that makes it hypothetically possible for either the Alignment or the Likud to form a coalition, but in reality dictates that whatever coalition is formed will be even shakier than the last government.

A glance at the results shows that the Likud did in fact lose even of the 48 seats it won in the 1981 elections, or over 14 per cent of its electoral power. In other electoral systems this would be considered a major defeat.

But the 120,000 defecting voters represented by those seven seats could not bring themselves to vote for the Alignment, which amazingly LOST two of the 47 seats it won in 1981. This Alignment loss of voters is quite obviously accounted for by an offsetting gain by its Ratz and Shinui allies.

THE MESSAGE of the election should be painfully clear to the Alignment. No matter how bad the record of a Likud government (and it is hard to imagine a worse record for any government than the performance of the Likud over the past three years), well over half of the electorate will find themselves constitutionally incapable of voting for the Alignment as it insists on presenting itself for the voters' approval.

What is so distasteful about the Alignment to so many voters that they could prefer the perpetuation of a government that is responsible for 600 casualties in a futile war, an annual inflation rate of 400 per cent, a wiping out of one third of the public's savings, and the first serious erosion in the real income of workers in the past 17 years?

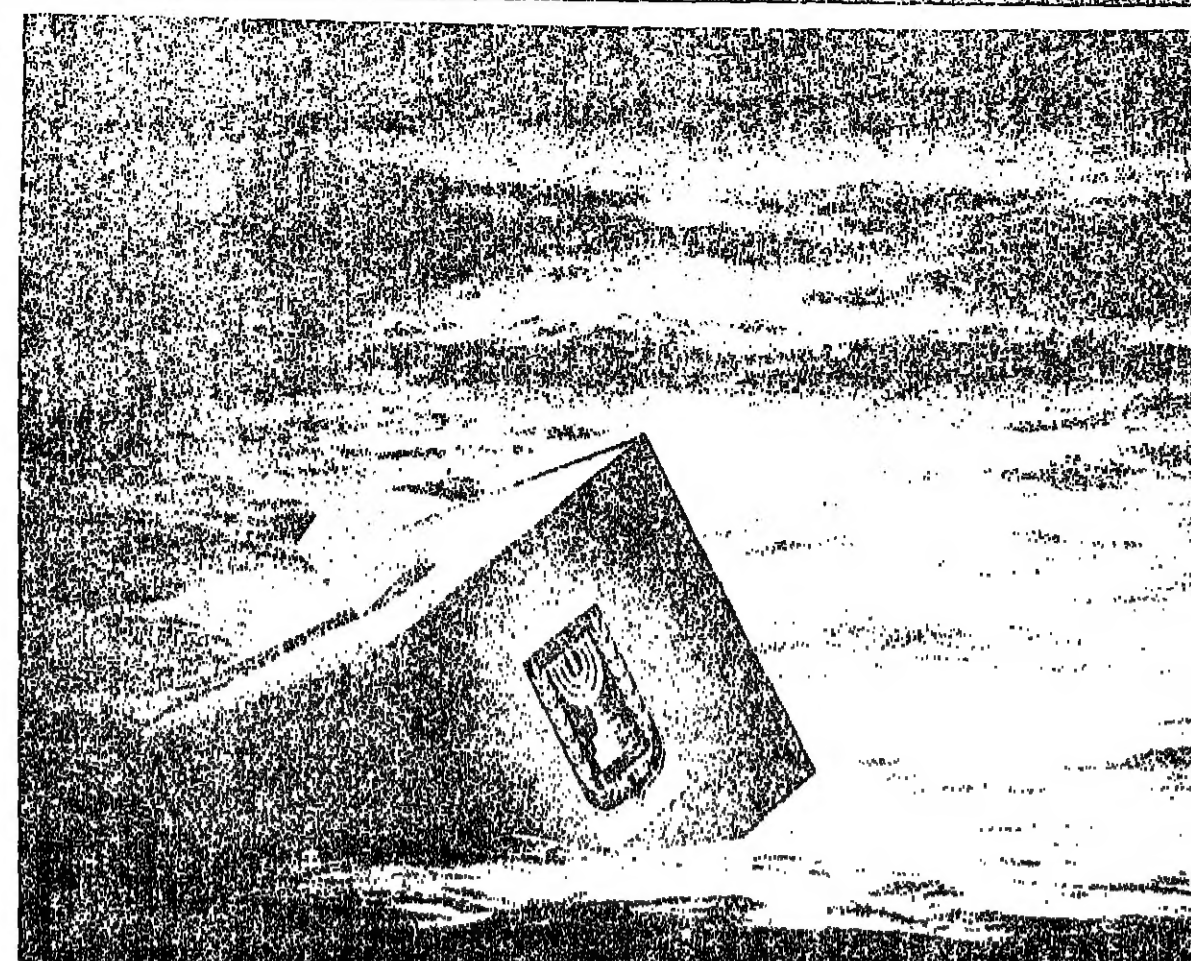
The answer is multifold. It lies in at least five areas: leadership, party image, long-term voter trends, the technical question of the timing of the elections, and the issue of "being soft on the Arabs."

David Ben-Gurion, the father of his country, lost five elections, in the sense that he failed to lead his party to winning either a majority or a comfortable enough plurality to free him of over-dependence on the pressures of minor coalition partners.

Still, his position of super-eminent moral leadership was such that Mapai never considered dumping him because of these repeated electoral failures. It took the trauma of the Lavon Affair and his own disgust with his party colleagues to send him into political retirement.

Menachem Begin lost eight elections. It took a delayed reaction to the trauma of the Yom Kippur War, and the dynamism of Ezer Weizman, who conducted Israel's first razzle-dazzle Americanized P.R. campaign in 1977, to win the premiership for him the ninth time around. No one in Herut would have dared whisper the intention to retire Begin to the sidelines to give the party a better chance of unseating Labour.

Shimon Peres has neither the stature of Ben-Gurion nor the mesmer-



ALL AT SEA

YOSEF GOELL draws some conclusions from the election.

izing control over his party followers of Begin. He is now a three-time loser, and is in danger of being deposed from the leadership of his party.

The Alignment leadership knew four months ago that either Yitzhak Navon or Yitzhak Rabin at their head attract more voters than Peres. But Peres, by dint of hard work over his seven years of exile in opposition, had sewn up the support of the party-machine politicians and persuaded others that Labour would win by such a margin that there was no need to worry.

SHIMON PERES is a curiously contradictory case. I personally believe that he could make a better prime minister than either Navon or Rabin, and undoubtedly than Shamir or David Levy. But he is apparently unelectable. And that, after all, is the name of the game at the electoral stage of politics.

Part of the reason is the campaign of character assassination conducted against him by the Likud in the previous two elections. Although that campaign was much more muted this time, part of its effect has lingered.

But of even greater importance is his lack of credibility. Peres was known throughout the 1950s, '60s and mid-'70s as a leading hawk in the Labour firmament. His switch to a dovish stand after winning the leadership of the Labour Party in 1977 appeared too opportunistic as did his more recent switch to half coffee and half tea. Nor did the all-is-forgotten burying of the hatchet with Yitzhak Rabin for the purposes of this election go down convincingly with the voters.

Deeper down, perhaps, is the suspicion that Peres, who made it big at a young age as a number two man to Ben-Gurion, and later to Moshe

Dayan, never quite made it into the league of prospective No. One leadership material.

This time, he had the added advantage of the absence of Menachem Begin from the electoral competition, and the muting of the ethnic hate campaign which won for Begin the last time. And still, Peres couldn't make it.

THE HOSTILITY of a large part of the electorate to Peres personally is only part of a broader antipathy to the image of the Labour party as an heir of the old-time hateful Mapai.

Labour politicians are either too insensitive to their image, or too embroiled in internal dog-eat-dog party politics to take seriously the need to revamp their party's tired, off-putting image in the eyes of that part of the floating voters who hold the possibility of a Labour electoral victory in their hands.

The Alignment could have won more votes among the Arabs, had they included another one or two Arab candidates in the safe part of the list. That is only one of several examples of opportunities that were passed up.

Instead, the make-up of the Alignment list, by means of the old smoke-filled, back-room type nominating committee, in contrast to the anarchic open vote of Herut, was a dead giveaway to these voters that today's Labour was the same old Mapai of the '50s and '60s.

The political deals by which safe places were guaranteed to unpopular ringleaders from the Likud, to a defector from the NRP, and to a representative of the long-defunct Independent Liberals were typical of a party that was totally insensitive to the need for fresh, attractive and popular candidates, as opposed to the inclusion of the party faithful who had managed to slither up the

greasy pole of internal party politics.

Thirdly, the long-term trend according to which younger voters tend to vote more heavily for the Likud, and this time even further right, for Tehiya, worked against Labour among the new crops of first-time voters.

Of even greater importance was Peres' decision to go along with the Herut demand that the elections be held at the end of July rather than in May, as Labour had originally wanted.

July is the height of the Israeli rush overseas, and it is estimated that between 100,000 and 150,000 Israelis were holidaying abroad on election day. There is good reason to believe that the overwhelming majority of them were potential Alignment or Shinui or Ratz voters. This assumption was corroborated by a trial poll set up by Ha'aretz outside Marks and Spencer on London's Oxford Street, in which the large majority of the Israeli shoppers participating "voted" for their parties.

The total number of tourists abroad on election day accounted for 6-9 Knesset seats and could have spelt the difference between the Alignment's making it and its failure to do so.

BUT PERHAPS the most important factor working against the Alignment's attaining its goal of a blocking majority as the first step towards establishing a workable coalition was its "soft on the Arabs" image in the eyes of the voters in the middle.

Labour, and its Mapai progenitor, were always split down the middle on the complex issue of the Arab-Israeli conflict. This was the old split between the Ben-Gurion activists and the Sharett conciliators, between the Dayan-Peres hawks and the Abba Eban-type doves, between Golda Meir and Pinhas Sapir. This

internal split became the most important issue in the party's life in the 1970s, as it became the main divisive matter in Israel's public life in the past decade and a half.

I must admit to my own mistake in this regard. In these elections, I came to believe that the centrality of the economic issue and the visceral fears of most Israelis concerning their personal economic future far overshadowed the other two issues: who was responsible for what went wrong in Lebanon, and the broader one of the Arab-Israeli conflict and its reflection in the attitudes on the territories.

I was at least partly wrong in underestimating the profound concern of a large part of the electorate with this latter issue. Most of the public is significantly more hawkish on it than the articulated mainstream position of the Labour Alignment.

Although Mapai and Yossi Sarid were purposely kept muted in the campaign by the Alignment strategists, a good part of the floating vote in the middle remained unconvinced that Labour's reiterated determination to initiate negotiations with an unreconstructed Hussein and "moderate" Palestinians was either practical or safe.

These hawkish suspicions were aggravated by the memory of the 1982 withdrawal from all of Sinai and Yamit and further exacerbated by the universal disappointment in what seems to be Egyptian perfidy as evinced in its retreat from the normalization provisions of the peace treaty.

The twin attitudes of "You can't trust the Arabs" and "There's no one to talk to on that side" are still extremely potent factors among the Israeli electorate of 1984.

The religious camp, more fragmented than ever, managed to maintain its overall strength of 13 seats, which is significantly less than the 17-18 which were the norm until Begin stole some of their voters in 1977. The newly-emergent ultra-Orthodox Sephardi Shas, with four seats, may prove to be a distinct improvement on the anti-Zionist Ashkenazi Agudat Yisrael from which they split away, and which was next to two.

The success of Shas may well have put an end to the other form of ethnic politics represented by the North African Tami, which was reduced from three seats to one.

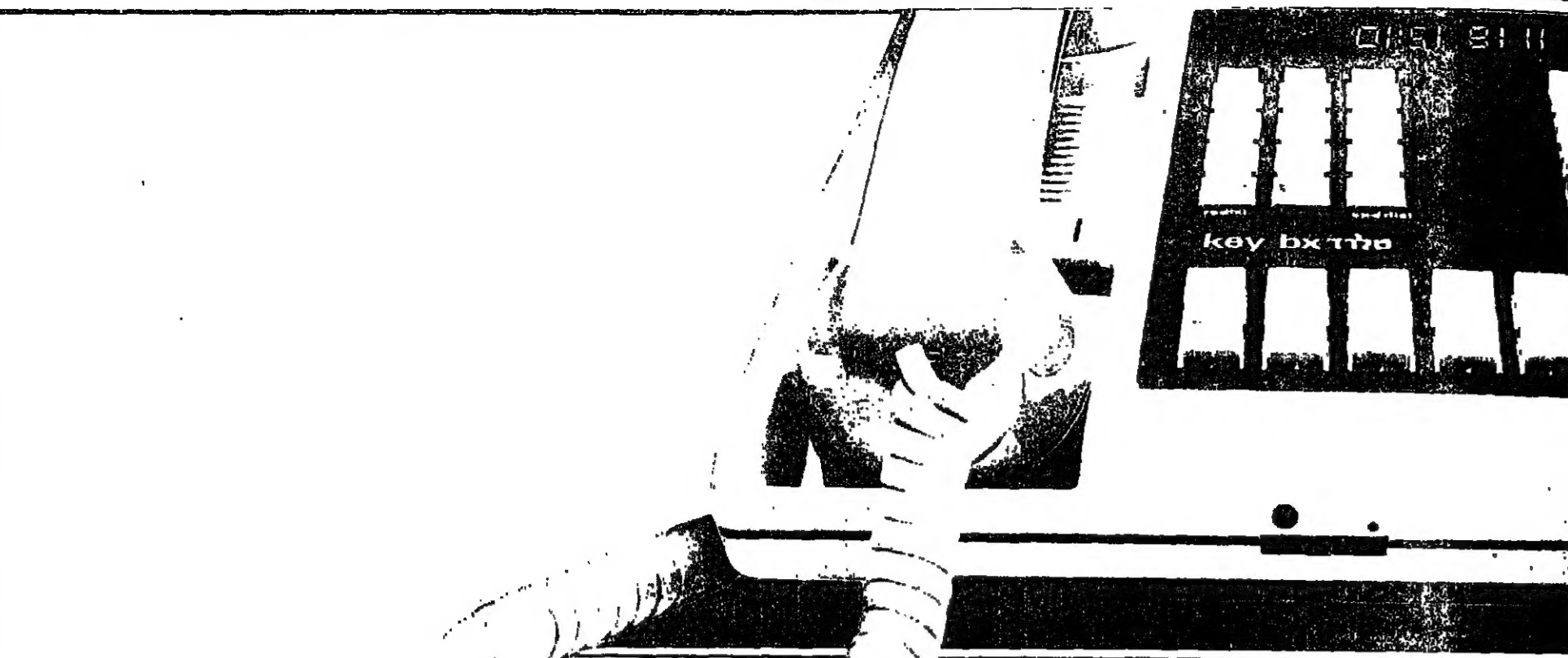
PERSONALIZED politics fare not too well. Ezer Weizman's personal list got much less than expected; Yigael Hurwitz did get one seat; but Mordechai Ben-Porat and Lova Eliav failed in their bids to cross the one per cent threshold.

The success of Meir Kahane in passing the minimum threshold will remain a blot on Israeli public life.

We have endured such shame in the past, with the first-time election of a convicted embezzler to the Knesset by means of bought votes. Flatto-Sharon, who failed to make it this time, went unnoticed in the Ninth Knesset largely because he hardly knew Hebrew and thus was relatively silent.

Kahane makes no bones about using his newly-won immunity to turn the Knesset into a forum for his anti-Arab racism and his virulent antipathy to *goyim* in general.

In an earlier article I urged, unsuccessfully, that an unabashed racist list of Kahane's ilk be disqualified from running. Now that Kahane has made it into the Knesset, I believe that any democratic parliament with a shred of self-respect should bend its own regulations to ensure that Kahane is never given a chance to use it as a forum for the propagation of his evil ideas.



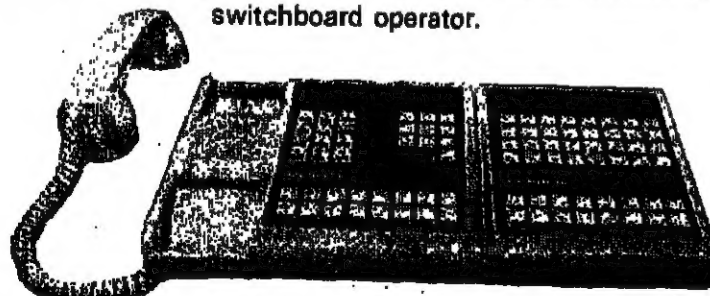
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IN POLITICS, even more than in other spheres of life, the immediate always pushes the essential into the background, relegating it to some distant future where it becomes an utopia - or a nightmare.

Debate on the existential issues confronting the people of Israel - even on the shallow level of this campaign - was hardly heard against the background noise of the jingles. Only the satellite parties of the two main electoral blocs did anything at all to state their credo on fundamentals.

But the voter was not challenged to reflect on the essential issues. The immediate issue was economic crisis. If the electorate did not cast an unequivocal vote of no confidence in those responsible for the crisis, it was not because its existence was denied by the Likud, or because people were really taken in by the claim that "you have never had it so good," which the Likud dimmed into the public's ears. Everybody knew it could not last - witness the rush to hoard anything that could be bought for cash in the last few days before the elections, and the frantic escape from the shekel into foreign currency that has been going on for months.

If the electorate (more properly, that relatively small part of it that held the balance) decreed a political paralysis, it was because it was not persuaded that the Alignment represented a real alternative. The famous "floating voter" may paradoxically even have expressed his confidence in the Alignment's superior ability to manage the economy - by reverting to voting for the Likud. The general assumption is and was that the things that would have to be done to put the nation's economic house in order would be painful, and the "floating voter" may have assumed that the Alignment would be more efficient inflicting the pain. Avoidance of pain dictated that he prefer things to remain as they were.

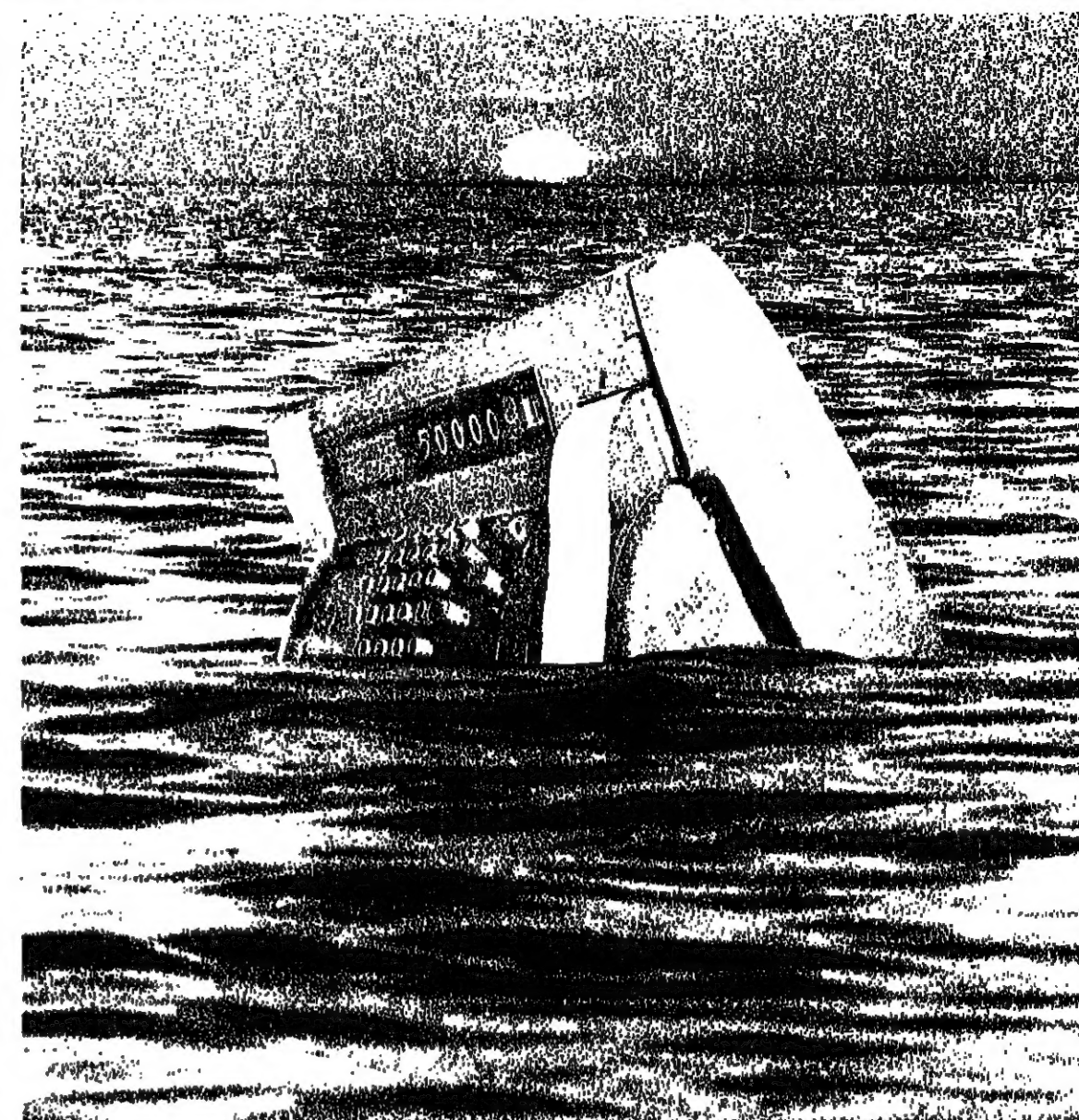
Of course, the political paralysis is not new. Each election has brought the country closer to a political stalemate. But the stalemate has only now become complete, and its repercussions go far beyond the pressing economic problems. Israel, which has always prided itself on its stability of government, is in for a long period of political instability and immobility.

As these lines are being written, it is clear that neither the Likud nor the Alignment will be able to form a coalition resting upon more than 61 Knesset members. Even if such a government is formed, it is virtually certain that, within a short time, it will be necessary to go to the polls again. One prediction is that elections may come as early as next November, merging the just concluded election campaign into a new, and still longer, one. What this will mean for the economy is frightening to contemplate. If the present economic crisis has produced political paralysis, the first result of the paralysis may be economic breakdown.

This will certainly be true if the Likud forms the government. Just having come out of the elections badly mauled (although the "national camp" as a whole has kept its strength) and more dependent than ever on splinter parties, it is unlikely to take any measures that may estrange voters.

Much the same is true if the Alignment forms the government. It is equally unlikely to court defeat at the polls, by confirming the Likud's dire warnings that the Alignment will close the gates of the fool's paradise of individual well-being.

THE IMMEDIATE response to the stalemate produced by the elections



A sinking feeling

Post Economic Editor MEIR MERHAV searches for a way to keep the economy afloat, in the current situation of political paralysis and impending coalition stalemate.

has been a universal outcry for a national unity government, for electoral reform, for the establishment of a presidential regime, and combinations of any of these.

Without going into the merits or demerits of any of these proposals (which all seek to convert pluralities into absolute majorities) it is clear that neither electoral reform nor a constitutional change are feasible in the short run. And economically the short run may be all we have left.

There remains the popular national unity government which, theoretically, could be set up overnight. If a wall-to-wall coalition were to include as many of the smaller parties as could be brought to join, the process would be longer. Each of these parties, fearful of being sent into the political wilderness, would even more insist on their pound of flesh in advance and with iron-clad guarantees for the future.

In the current circumstances, a national unity government however, is probably a non-starter. A decision to negotiate such a broad coalition would pull the Alignment apart. It might also cost the Labour Party its dovish wing, thereby reducing the Alignment's parliamentary strength to perhaps less than 30 seats. That would make it a very junior partner in the national unity government headed and dominated by Herut. And despite Prime Minister Yitzhak

Shamir's repeated appeals for a national unity government, the Likud is likely to face similar difficulties.

A national unity government, it was observed on election night, can be formed only by the party that is also capable of forming a government on its own. The Likud is certainly not able to do so without Tehiya and the cluster of religious parties that have been its partners so far.

It is difficult enough to see Rafael Eitan and Yuval Ne'eman sitting at the same cabinet table with Shimon Peres, Yitzhak Navon, Yitzhak Rabin and Haim Bar-Lev, not to speak of an Abba Eban. It is just as difficult to imagine Ezer Weizman in the company of Tehiya.

BUT THE CALL for a national unity government is not only the counsel of despair of our parliamentary system, intended to plaster over fissures that cannot be closed. Its main objective is to artificially manufacture a government that would be capable of coping with the country's immediate economic problems.

Can it be done? No, it cannot. Economics is always politics, and has become more so under the Likud. Economic policy even minimally adequate to solve our immediate problems means major decisions on

defence policy on what is to be done with regard to extricating ourselves from Lebanon, and on settlement policy in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip.

Neither Tehiya, Arik Sharon, nor many others in the Likud are likely to accept the economic constraints that Yigael Hurvitz - himself a fervent advocate of "Greater Eretz Yisrael" - is prepared to do. They will insist on a continued settlement drive, on no deadline for the evacuation of Lebanon. Moreover, a national unity government is unlikely to resist pressure from actual and potential allies - to persevere in their populist economic policies and being "the benefactors of the people." In short, they will seek to continue on their present course all along the line.

If it would join such a government, Alignment would not be able to make a dent in the Likud's stance. The most it could achieve would be to block certain moves by the Likud, just as the Likud would be able to block Alignment initiatives. It would be immobility writ large.

A national unity coalition, instead of providing the basis for a government capable of action, would be the instrument of inaction. It is no way out of political paralysis - it is its confirmation and perpetuation.

IS THERE a way out of the impasse? There might be ways of tackling,

by agreement between the Alignment and the Likud, at least some of the most pressing economic problems, short of forming a national unity government. A *conditio sine qua non* for any such set of policy measures would be that both of the major parties publicly and openly take joint responsibility for such measure, and bracket them and their results out of the next election campaign.

Such an accord on a minimal set of policy measures can only work if the Alignment is given and agrees to undertake not only co-responsibility for the policies themselves, but also an execute and/or supervisory function in their implementation. This might mean that a much wider range of decisions will have to be made subject to approval by the Knesset and its committees - primarily, but not only, the Finance Committee - and that the Alignment would have to be given a blocking vote. It would also imply full access to information for the opposition, and a much more strict reporting than prevails now. A further condition would be that at least the two major parliamentary blocs agree on fresh elections immediately, leaving no time for another long campaign.

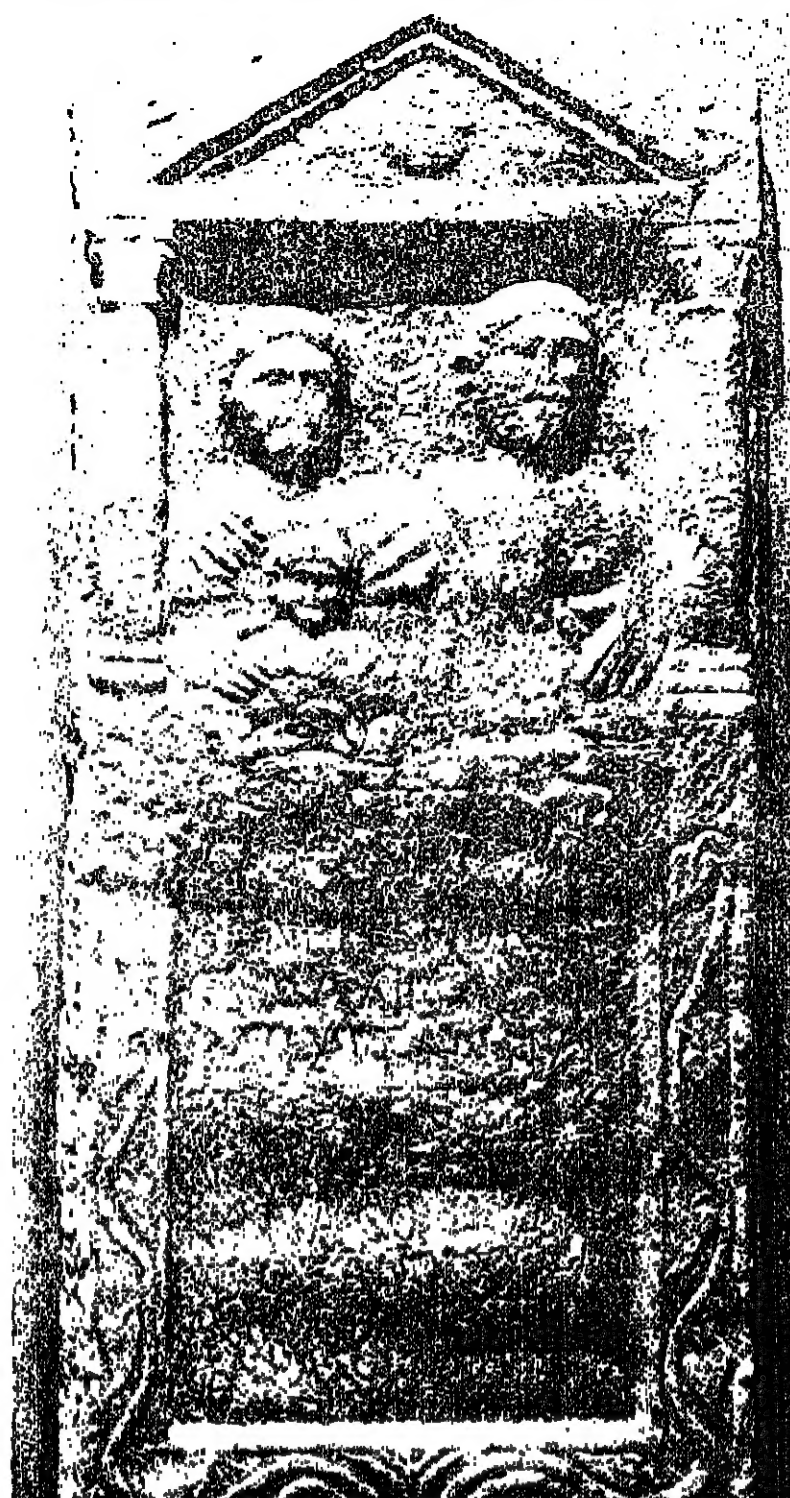
It is admittedly difficult to envisage such an agreement, although there is precedent for it in the defence area, where it has been customary not only to inform the opposition of a decision to go to war, but to seek its support. The record of how the opposition was cheated with regard to the war in Lebanon, where former Prime Minister Menachem Begin promised a campaign of 48 hours, and where he himself was cheated and misinformed by his subordinates, does not speak well for the chances of a limited accord between coalition and opposition.

IF THE ALIGNMENT manages to form the next government, even on the basis of a one-man majority, its prospects of being able to act in the short run are much better than those of the Likud. In the opposition, the Likud will not be able to force Labour to continue the expenditures which must be cut to get us out of the immediate economic morass, just as the Alignment in opposition cannot force the Likud to desist from them. The difference is that the continuation of these expenditures means disaster, while their cessation or reduction is a step on the way to recovery. Moreover, the Likud cannot obtain a social accord on wages, prices and taxes without support from the Alignment. The Alignment can get it without support of the Likud.

None of this will save a narrow-based Alignment-led coalition from early elections. But will obviously give it the advantage of being the incumbent government, a chance to take the first steps towards stabilizing the economy, and considerable weight in determining when the elections are to be held.

However, given the political stalemate, it is perhaps the wisest course for the Alignment - if it cannot form a government - to stand aside, enter into no agreements of any kind with the Likud, and let it bear the responsibility until the irresponsibility of that government is brought into every home. That may also give the Alignment another turn at convincing the public that it really is the economic alternative and that it is, if no more than a small hope, then the only one there for eventually dealing not with immediate, but with the essential.

There are historical situations in which things have to get worse before they can get better. This may be one of them.



(Above) Seven-branched menorah, and inscription 'God is One,' in Greek, on 4th century tombstone. (Right) Advertisement for Alter and Kiss fashions, 1855. Hungarians were famed for their elegance.



PAGE EIGHT

MAGYAR SAGA

'The Jews of Hungary,' a photographic exhibit covering their 1,500-year history, opens next week at Beth Hatefutsoth.

(Left) Aron Kodesh in Hungarian synagogue, thought to date from 14th century. (Below) Jews greet King Matthias, 1476.



THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1984

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULL OUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD - A film documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Lorraine Hotel, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM - Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

BLACK VELVET - Irish folk music. (Pargod, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

CAGLIOSTRO THE MAGICIAN AND FRIENDS - Magic and improvisation from classic to modern. (Israel Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

DUDU TOPAZ - Suite programme. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday at 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL FOLKLORE - Taste of Israeli Dancers. Pa'amot Talmud folkdancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Eimik Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL JAZZ FESTIVAL - Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Tania Maria, piano and vocals. (Khan Auditorium, today at 2.30 p.m.; Gillette Gil, guitar and vocals. (Tomorrow at 9 p.m.); B.B. King, blues guitar and vocals. (Sunday at 9 p.m.); McCoy Tyner, piano. (Hilton Hotel, Sunday at midnight)

JAZZ - Freddie Weisgut, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Chabson, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nabulus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ - With the Freddie Weisgut Trio. (Hilton, Monday at 9 p.m.)

MATITYAHU AND ALEXANDER - Music by Shoshana Argov. Presented by Matti Caspi. (Gerard Behar, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - Hasidic rock with Schah. (Israel Centre, D'Strauss, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

RAHIL SHILOMO CARLEBACH - Hasidic songs. (Pargod, Sunday at 9.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
BETWEEN BELLS - Musical about a school. (Beit Leislin, Monday at 9 p.m.)

DON'T SHOOT - I'M A PACIFIST - A cabaret from the Thirties. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

FIND A GOOD WOMAN - Musical with risqué songs about a bride and groom. (Beit Leislin, tonight at 9.30 p.m., tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL JAZZ FESTIVAL - Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Tania Maria, piano and vocals. (Khan Auditorium, today at 2.30 p.m.; Gillette Gil, guitar and vocals. (Tomorrow at 9 p.m.); B.B. King, blues guitar and vocals. (Sunday at 9 p.m.); McCoy Tyner, piano. (Hilton Hotel, Sunday at midnight)

JAZZ - With From the Other Side group. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tonight at midnight)

JAZZ PIANO - McCoy Tyner. (New Zedek, tonight at 10 p.m.)

JAZZ - Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Flament, flute, clarinet; Teddy King, cello, contrabass. (Tafe Piz, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO - Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, 10 D'sraeli, 7'para Hut-Yehuda. (Dun Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

NORIT GALSON - Programme of songs. (Tzaviv, tonight at midnight)

SHILOMO ARTZI - New programme of songs. "Dance." (Tzaviv, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR - With well-known musicians. (Beit Leislin, Sunday at 10 p.m.)

CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Jerusalem

CAGLIOSTRO THE FANTASTIC - Magic show. Plus acrobats, clowns, 5-piece band. (Israel Museum, Mayer Terrace, Sunday, Thursday at 5.30 p.m.)

THE ENCHANTED SHOW OF PABLO ARTEL - Everything is magical: shapes, colours, music, mime (for ages 5-9). (Israel Museum, Tuesday, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO - Guided tour in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

MEET THE MAGICIAN - Top Israeli magicians perform. (Israel Museum, daily at 10 a.m., except tomorrow)

SCENT OF COOKING - Puppet theatre for age 5 and above. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

THE SNOW QUEEN - With Eric Smith and his puppets. (Gerard Behar, Monday at 5 p.m.)

SNOW WHITE - Puppet theatre. (Train Theatre, Monday at 5 p.m.)

STORY HOUR - A collection of folk tales, plus original stories. (Khan, today at 2.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
"PANTO" - Musical pantomime with (lanod) Roseanne and friends. (Beit Leislin, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

THE SNOW QUEEN - (Nihmani, Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.)

T.V. TIME - Entertainment with stars of various Educational T.V. shows. (Wax Museum, Amphitheatre, daily at 11 a.m.)

Halfa
MUSICAL MUSEUM - A musical tour through the museum. (Halfa Museum, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

JUGENDANTORREI SPEYER - With the Helon Chamber Orchestra. Conductor Stanley Speyer. Works by Mozart, Schütz, (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, tomorrow; works by Mozart, Bach. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday)

TERRACE CONCERT - With The Terrace Quintet. Light classical, popular, folk and jazz music. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 6 p.m.)

Others
PIANO AND BASSOON RECITAL - Anat Sharon and Uri Tzur. Works by Hindemith, Elgar, Marcello, Telemann. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tonight at 10 p.m.)

MICHAEL MELTZER - Recorder and Baroque flute. Works by Telemann, Quantz, C.P.E. Bach and others. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

PIANO RECITAL - Aviva Aharonovitz. Works by Scriabin, Chopin, Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Beethoven, Scriabin. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)



A scene from 'Calligula', at the Khan Theatre in Jerusalem, and the New Zedek Theatre in Tel Aviv.

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

A GOOD JERUSALEM BOY - Train Theatre production. Israel today set against a background of the 1940s. (Gerard Behar, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

ALL THE GALILEAN - (Bakawad Theatre production about Palestinian identity. (Arabic, English, translation available). (Bakawad, near intersection of Sabote-Dim St. and Nabulus Road, behind Madat's cinema, tonight through Sunday at 8 p.m.)

BRURIA - Fragments of Talmud woven into a creation (in English). Last performance before Fiddimburg Theatre Festival. (Rommish Reservoir Hotel, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

CALLIGULA - By Albert Camus. Khan Theatre production. About the wicked Roman emperor. (Khan Theatre, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

JUBILEE - Khan production. A musical play taking place in a Jewish cemetery in Germany in 1983. (Khan, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

NOT NOW DARLING - Comedy. Yuval Theatre production. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

SATAN IN MOSCOW - By Mikhail Bulgakov. Boersheba Municipal Theatre production. A satire. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

"SHIM" - The passions and struggles of 3 (lanamity) workers. (Pargod, tomorrow, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI, or THE SHORES OF SWITZERLAND - Beit Leislin production. A satire on Israeli society. (Beit Leislin, Sunday, Tuesday through Thursday at 9 p.m.)

CALLIGULA - (New Zedek, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m., Sunday, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE FALL - By Albert Camus. (Hasimiah production. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, Monday at 9 p.m.)

THE HOMECOMING - By Harold Pinter. Cameri Theatre production. A son returns home to introduce his wife. (Tzaviv, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE INTELLECTUAL, THE WHORE AND THE CLOWN - Musical. (Hasimiah production. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tonight at 10 p.m., Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

INTIMACY - By Suetre. (Hasimiah production. Two women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, Wednesday, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

LIES - Cameri production. About the friendship between two families. (Cameri, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

PARADOXIA - Israeli play about a crazy night in a couple's life. Tzaviv production. (Tzaviv, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

QUARTET FOR TWO - Selection of love excerpts from plays by Beckett, Pinter, Wilde and Wilder (in English). (Imperial Hotel, 66 Hayarkon, tonight at 10 p.m.)

"SHIM" - (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

THE TEMPEST - By Shakespeare. Cameri Theatre production. (Cameri, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m., Tuesday with simultaneous English translation)

TOP GIRLS - Satire. Cameri Theatre production. (Tzaviv, tomorrow through Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Halfa
NOT NOW DARLING - (Halfa Auditorium, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

SANGER - (Hasimiah production. About the Tel Aviv drug world. (Halfa Theatre, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Others
NOT NOW DARLING - (Halfa, David, tonight at 10 p.m.)

DANCE

ISRAEL'S 35TH ANNIVERSARY - Works by Sara Levi-Tanai, Haimin Zeman and Rina Shureit. (New Zedek, 6 Yehiel, Monday at 9 p.m.)

RINA SCHENFELD DANCE THEATRE - New works. Music by Steve Reich, Chopin, Vivaldi. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday, Thursday at 9 p.m., Thursday also at 11 a.m.)

(For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.)

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post office in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

WALKING TOURS

(In English)

Jerusalem

Jerusalem Through the Ages

Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m., Thursday at 2 p.m. - Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.

Sunday at 2 p.m. - The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. - The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday and Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. - Archeology in the Jewish Quarter: Israelite Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. - Sites of special Christian interest.

Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. - The Greek and Roman Period in Jerusalem.

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. - The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Moslem belief.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3.45 hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets on the spot.

Archeological Tours

Daily at 9 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 2.30 p.m., Friday at 9 a.m. - Jewish Quarter archeological and historical tour.

Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 a.m. - Temple Mount Seminar, from First Temple period to the present.

Sunday through Thursday at 12 p.m. - Excavations below Temple Mount.

Sunday through Thursday at 2 p.m. - City of David, First Temple period.

Tours last approximately 2 hours. Meet at Cardo Information booth, Jewish Quarter. Tickets on the spot.

Society for the Protection of Nature - Tours

Sunday at 7 p.m. - Walk on Old City ramparts. Meet Jaffa Gate.

Wednesday at 2.30 p.m. - Excavations of Western Wall Meet Dung Gate.

Friday at 10 a.m. - City of David and Hezekiah's Tunnel. Meet Dung gate. Bring flashlight.

Registration at the offices of the SPNI, 13 Helene Hamakha Street, Tel. 222.157, 244.602.

Hiking Tours

Sponsored by the Society for the Protection of Nature in Israel. Meeting place: Next to the escalator in front of the Jerusalem Central Bus Station. Please bring hat, a canteen and walking shoes. Fee.

(Continued on page C)

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ON/O in Jerusalem Cinema

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067

Fri. July 27

Double feature ticket:

Octopussy 2.30

Sat. 28

Young Frankenstein 9.30

Sun. 29

The Little Prince 4

Amie 5.30

Double feature ticket:

Octopussy 9

Sat. 28

Young Frankenstein 9.30

Sun. 29

The Little Prince 4

Amie 5.30

Rocky Horror Picture Show 7.45

Wed. Aug. 1

The Little Prince 4

Amie 5.30

Rocky Horror Picture Show 7.45

Thurs. Aug. 2

Amie 5.30

Deep Water (French film) 7.45

Last Tango in Paris 9.30

EDEN

4th week

SUPERGIRL

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON

BEAT STREET

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 4, 7, 9

HABIRA

PIRATE ISLAND

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ISRAELI MUSEUM

Sun. Mon. Tues. 11, 1.30, 4

Tue. Wed. 11

ADVENTURES IN THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR

Tue. 6, 8.30

MARRIED COUPLE

KFIR

5th week

INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

MITCHELL

ROPE

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 7, 9

ORGIL

2nd week

Sat. 9.30; weekdays 7, 9 only

BLOOD WEDDING

Weekdays 4, 6

THE FOX AND THE PUPPY

ORION

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 7, 9

ZIGZAG STORY

Weekdays 10.30, 4

MAY THE BEST

Man. 10.30

ORNA

6th week

POLICE ACADEMY

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 7, 9

Sunday 12.00

SEADAR

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

Saturday 9.45

Weekdays 7, 9.15

RON BETRAYAL

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENI HA'UMA

DANGEROUS YEAR

Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 7, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY

GONE WITH THE WIND

Tonight 10, Sat. 9

Weekdays 4, 8

BEN-YEHUDA

FOOTLOOSE

Directed by Herbert Ross

With Kevin Bacon, John Lithgow, Diane Warren

Friday night, 9.45, 12

Saturday, 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

BETH HATEFUTSOH

JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE

Tue. 8.30

THE VOYAGE OF THE DAMNED

(Voyage of the St. Louis)

Thurs. 8.30

UN SAC DE BILLES

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE

Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1

6th week

POLICE ACADEMY

Tonight 10, 12.15

Sat. 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 5.45, 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 11, 1.45

MARY POPPINS

Weekdays 1.55, ARISTOCATS

CHEN 2

12th week

THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE

Fri. 12.15; Sat. and weekdays 9.45

ARISTOCATS

Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7.40; Weekdays 11, 1.45, 5.30, 7.40

CHEN 3

21st week

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

* SHIRLEY MACLAINE

* DEBRA WINGER

* JACK NICHOLSON

Friday 9.45, 12.15

Saturday, 7.15, 9.45

Weekdays 7.15, 9.45

CHEN 4

THE BIG CHILL

* CLIFF ROBERTSON

Saturday 9.45, 12.15

Weekdays 11, 1.45, 3.45, 5.40

ROBINSON CRUSOE

CHEN 5

12th week

CROSS CREEK

Tonight 9.45, 12.15

Saturday 7.15, 9.40

Weekdays 7.30, 9.45

BILLY

Weekdays 11, 1.45, 3.30

CINEMA ONE BREAKDANCE

Friday 10

Saturday 7.30, 9.30

Weekdays 5, 7.40, 9.40

CINEMA TWO

4th week

YENTL

Saturday 7, 9.40

Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.40

CLASS

86 Allenby Rd.

4th week

Tonight 10

Sat. 7.45, 9.45

Weekdays 5, 7.40, 9.40

EXTERMINATOR II

DEKEL

2nd week

Sat. 7.30; weekdays 4.45, 7.30

MARY POPPINS

Sat. and weekdays 9.40

Directed by Steven Spielberg

* JOHN BELUSHI

* DAN ACKROYD

DRIVE-IN

4th week

Tonight, Sat. 10

EXTERMINATOR II

Sat. and weekdays 8.15

Tonight 12.15; Sat. 12 midnight

Calligula, Sex Film

ESTHER Tel. 225610

Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 9.40

Weekdays 11, 5, 7.30, 9.30

EMMANUELLE

THE FRENCH INSTITUTE

7th week

BURNING LAND

(TERRA BRULANTE)

Sat. 7.30, 9.30

Weekdays 5, 7.15, 9.30

At the Zavin Club

GAT

ROMANCING THE STONE

Saturday, 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 5, 7.40, 9.40

HOD

BEAT STREET

Tonight 10

Saturday 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 5, 7.40, 9.40

LEV I

5th week

LA TRAVIATA

* TERESA STRATAS

* PLACIDO DOMINGO

* CORNELIA MACNEIL

Tonight 9.30, 11.30; Sat. 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 2, 5, 7.30, 9.40

LEV II

2nd week

Tonight 11.30; Sat. 9.30

Weekdays 2, 9.30

THE DRESSER

Tonight 9.30; Sat. 8

Weekdays 5, 8

ZELIG

LIMOR

3rd week

Tonight 10, 12

Sat. 7.40, 9.40

Weekdays 5, 7.40, 9.40

LE BATTANT (WHAT A MAN)

MAXIM

6th week

EDUCATING RITA

Saturday, 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

MOGRABI

7th week

Tonight 10; Sat. 7.30, 9.40

Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

AGAINST ALL ODDS

* JEFF BRIDGES

* RACHEL WOOD

* JAMES WARD

GORDON

Israel Premiere

Sat. 4, 10;

Weekdays 6, 7.50, 9.50

INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM

Today 2.30, 10 p.m.;

Sat. 7.15, 9.40

Weekdays 4.45, 7.15, 9.40

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

19th week

French film

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY

Saturday 7.15, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON

5th week

B.M.X. BANDITS

Sat. 6, 7.45, 9.30

Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

Tonight 9.30; Sat. and weekdays 9

FANNY AND ALEXANDER

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE

A film for the entire family

BAMBINO IN AFRICA

with: BUD SPENCER

in his best and best film

ARMON

Sat. 7.30, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.15

AGAINST ALL ODDS

ATZMON

4th week

SUPERGIRL

Sat. 7.30, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.15

CHEN

A crazy comedy for the whole family

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S VACATION

Sat. 7.30, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.15

MORIAH

2nd week

SVEN

Requires for a foot

7, 9

ORAH

Directly from the streets of New York, the great musical

BEAT STREET

Sat. 7.30, 9.30

This Week in Israel

RESTAURANTS JERUSALEM

National Restaurant (established in 1931)
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"Gourmet Arabian Cuisine" Enjoy typical Arabian specialties and "maza" while watching scenic Old Jerusalem.
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11:30 am
incl. Fri. night

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Kosher

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Admirable expertise

CINEMA Dan Fainaru

BERTRAND TAVERNIER's record in the French cinema is a rather unusual one. The director who won this year's directing award at Cannes for his *Sunday in the Country*, now released in Israel, was an integral part of that upsurge of film buffs who, during the late Fifties, known as the New Wave, were totally committed to one goal: changing the face of French cinema. They started film societies, managed repertoire cinemas showing Hollywood films of the Thirties and the Forties, which they adored, wrote scathing pieces in newspapers and magazines, blasting the *cinéma de papa*, as they disdainfully nicknamed production establishment in their country. They created their own film magazines to elaborate on their theses and once they got their hands on some money, whether by marrying into it or inheriting it, they went straight for the nearest film studio and set about practicing what they had preached.

Tavernier did most of these things, except the last. For, after film societies, cinemas and contributions to such milestone publications as the *Cahiers du Cinéma*, he chose, rather than making films, helping to sell them. In a very short time he was considered a master of public relations for films in France, with the additional and quite unexpected factor that he worked only on pictures he liked.

In his spare time, he was already toying with the idea of making films, but was still not quite confident of his own capabilities. So he wrote scripts for other directors, trying his hand at a couple of shorts. But it wasn't until 1974 that he attempted a full feature film, and then he surprised everybody, including himself.

The picture, *The Watchmaker from St. Paul*, won several prizes that year, received more than sympathetic reviews, but put Tavernier very far from the theories he had staunchly supported 15 years earlier. Not only was this very much a *film de qualité*, as the New Wave referred to the products of *le cinéma de papa*, it was based on a script by Jean Aurench and Pierre Bost, a prolific tandem in the Forties and Fifties, whose output was the symbol of everything detested by the *Cahiers du Cinéma* gang.

AFTER THIS first success, Tavernier went into film-making full time. He showed himself ever more clearly to be an intelligent, sensitive but very traditional director, whose cinematic language never strayed from the trodden path, whose use of well-established techniques gave the audience a comfortable feeling of intimacy, of expectations fulfilled. By the same token it generated little excitement.

Outside France, where he is accepted as one of the leaders in his profession, Tavernier is not very well known. Indeed, the only film of his ever shown in Israel was the first one, and even that, on television.

If one were looking for a common line in the eight feature films Tavernier has produced until now, as one is wont to do according to the *auteur* theory of cinema (of which Tavernier himself was a great supporter), a good beginning would be to consider his preoccupation with the middle class, quite often pitted in conflict with classes above and below it.

While his pictures do not have major political, social or psychological problems as a starting-point, Tavernier is always careful to create characters who are more than sym-

bols and he usually tones down his dramatic effects to achieve a life-like atmosphere as possible. He tends to use the same kind of actors again and again: solid, experienced, well trained, such as Philippe Noiret, who has been in five of his films. His camera set-ups are usually conventional but very carefully planned, and in general his films have professional aura.

THE FIRST of his films to be shown in our cinemas, *Sunday in the Country*, may not be quite typical of his work. Certainly it deals with the middle class, it is even more than usually subdued, and it is highly professional. But above all, it is a tribute, possibly even a triple tribute: to the painter Auguste Renoir, to his son, Jean Renoir, possibly the greatest French film director ever, and to Pierre Bost, the veteran author on whose last novel the movie is based.

To begin with, this is the kind of film which is concerned with the slight ripples on water, suggestive of strong currents beneath the surface but invisible to the naked eye. That is, apparently nothing really eventful happens here. An old-established painter, in his mid-Seventies, is visited on a sunny Sunday, in his beautiful country house in a village not far from Paris by his son, his daughter, his daughter-in-law and his grandchildren. The period is somewhere near the beginning of the century; everything seems to be quiet, peaceful, relaxed. To all intents and purposes, a family reunion.

The entire film is concentrated in this one Sunday, from early morning when the old artist gets up and starts preparing for his visitors, until late at night, when he falls asleep in his study after all the guests have left. On the face of it a normal, pleasant and almost happy day, and yet there exudes a feeling of elegiac and subtle sadness pouring out from the hints dropped along the way, from the background narration, which fills in details and from the moods of the different characters, even the benediction of nature and the idyllic atmosphere somehow belong to a world that has disappeared forever.

MONSIEUR LADMIRAL, an artist with an established reputation, lives comfortably in his country home, a universe of its own as far as he is concerned, which he has refused to leave for many years. But the presence of death, despite his relatively good health, is there all the time. Old age is creeping on, with its little quirks of character, its hardening of the arteries, its withdrawal from life.

"He bought his house because it was ten minutes away from the railway station and he has never realized that in the last ten years the distance has increased for him by another ten minutes," hints the narrator on the soundtrack.

will never be considered a luminary, a genius, an inspiration to others. Tavernier was possibly retreating to himself and his position in the French cinema in the same way that author Bost saw himself at the end of his life.

His older son is a typical middle-class family man. He is a little overweight, with the complexion of someone who's on his way to a heart attack, a dutiful and loving son conscious of his own mediocrity. He realizes that for all his father's sympathy, he is still a disappointment to him. His wife, the faithful spouse who can't really understand the semi-bohemian and semi-bourgeois life of her father-in-law but indulges him because that is how one should behave in such circumstances, is everything a nice, prim, concerned and well-educated person should be. Their two boys, pranksters and full of life, supply the basis for much of the dialogue in the film, because of their education and behavior is an easy subject for conversation. But there is also a little daughter, an angelic, blonde girl whose perfect beauty and piousness seem to belong to another world. Indeed, the all-knowing narrator provides, at some stage in the story, the information that the girl won't be around for long, and this is another source of melancholy.

Ladmiral's younger daughter is obviously his favorite, a spirited and energetic young woman who drives her own car at a time when cars are a rarity and women drivers are almost unknown. She jealously guards her independence and could be seen as one of the early liberated women; yet she is not liberated enough to make herself an equal in her sentimental entanglements with married men. She is the kind who spreads an air of gaiety and insouciance, which is often a means of defending her own privacy: her sincere affection for her family is affected by her personal problems, which she seems to have some difficulty in settling satisfactorily.

And then there is the maid, Mercedes, the faithful servant who has been with Ladmiral for an eternity, or so it seems, and whose attachment to him is a combination of maternal and matrimonial concern. She has won for herself the right to complain, carp and assert herself, but she never forgets her position - this would be considered a service attitude nowadays, but its right for the period the film deals with.

IF THE FILM has one major fault, it is that Tavernier works too hard at his job. Paying his compliments to Renoir *per se*, he does his best to build frames that are, in the selection of lighting, of special hues in nature, and of objects and types of character, close to the great impressionistic painter. In his admiration for Renoir's little quirks of character, his hardening of the arteries, its withdrawal from life.

He also has doubts about the artistic path he chose, his confinement in older traditions and in his own home, his timidity about joining his colleagues in the impressionist movement, and even about his relationship with his children and his solitude, concealed under a cheerful exterior, since his wife's death. As an artist, he has made it, but he

Dalliance with dill

MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

THERE IS a theory that the perfect meal should appeal not just to one's taste and smell, but to all the senses.

If this is indeed the case, then the restaurant at Beit Ticho, the newly opened museum in Jerusalem, just off Rehov Harav Kook, would come very close to taking the prize. Located at the entrance to the beautiful 19th-century house, it offers seating both in the beautifully refurbished interior and on the terrace, under towering pine trees.

Another pleasing aspect about the terrace is that it seems to attract the most beautiful women in Jerusalem. This is in keeping with a general rule which an art historian friend imparted to me many years ago: that a museum is probably the best place, the world over, to pick up a good-looking female.

Perhaps all Beit Ticho lacks at this point is music, say a string quartet. But this would probably be self-defeating, since the largely unadorned restaurant already seems to have as many customers as it can handle, especially at lunchtime. In contrast to the exhibit, which closes at 4 p.m., it is open until late in the evening.

When the museum, once the home of one of the city's leading artists and her husband, a renowned eye specialist, opened, it was said that the coffee shop would serve the type of Viennese cream cakes that its inhabitants had so

often enjoyed. In fact, there is a rather extensive contemporary dairy menu and I, for one, am not unhappy that this license has been taken.

I opened my repast with the cold yoghurt soup, an item which has become pretty much of a standby. Here the usual yoghurt and cucumber were augmented by a very heavy, but not excessive, dose of onion and a generous sprinkling of dill. In fact, masses of dill covered practically everything we ate at Beit Ticho. I would have liked to see a few other herbs.

There was, however, no dill in my companion's cold fruit soup, a dish that struck a very happy balance between cloying sweetness and unnecessary tartness. This soup, which included cooked fresh apples, peaches and plums, also had a certain lightness. I suspect that the secret ingredient was a dash of soda water, mixed in just before the soup was served.

AS USUAL in such a restaurant and out of a sense of duty to our readers, we ordered rather more than the average diner (all those beautiful women must keep their figures somehow). Thus, we also tried the "farm salad," a dish in which twin mounds of grated carrot and beet on a bed of chopped lettuce were topped by a heavy blue cheese dressing, over which was sprinkled chopped nuts and the ubiquitous dill. It was



all very healthy looking and pleasant tasting.

For my main course, I tried the stuffed vegetable platter, which came complete with eggplant, squash and fresh mushrooms, all filled with a mixture of brown rice and covered with melted cheese, chopped nuts and, of course, dill. It

was all absolutely delicious, especially the brown rice which gave it all a very pleasant nutty taste and made me feel I was really doing myself no end of good by finishing off every last bit.

My companion tried the crêpes filled with spinach, in which the pureed spinach had been offset with

onion, while the crêpes themselves were covered with a white sauce and melted cheese. Over it all was a generous layer of chopped dill. I was never a guest at the Ticho household but, judging from their *yekkish* background, I would guess that if and when they served spinach, it was with a dash of nutmeg, a trick the chef might try.

Cold water was served with a carefree abandon that other innkeepers might emulate, and we felt no need to drink a lot of fizzy sweet stuff. But we did try a glass of orange juice which was freshly squeezed and generous.

FOR DESERT I ordered the strudel, and found it close to perfect, truly the work of a master hand. It was made with the kind of paper-thin, tender dough that typifies genuine strudel and filled with grated apples, chopped nuts and just enough bread crumbs to give it body. It was, naturally enough, topped with a generous blob of whipped cream.

Cream also covered the top of the peach pie, a dish which I am happy to say owed more to Central Europe than anything which would be known as a pie in the English-speaking world. The crust was rich and tender and fresh fruit had been used in the filling.

It would have been out of keeping, we felt, to have anything other than *café hauch*, the "upside down coffee" in which the hot milk takes precedence over the coffee. It was quite good.

One of the nicest surprises was the bill, which came to IS 3,500, rather less than one would expect for such a "scenic" place. Let's hope it stays that way.

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Two of Bat-Dor's guests: (Left) Benjamin Feliksdaal, Amsterdam jazz dancer. (Right) Mime Limbur Kemp.

Mixed impressions

TWO EVENTS that marked the 35th anniversary of the Inbal Dance Theatre were both highly successful, but left a question: Whither Inbal?

The new Inbal programme, of which several performances have already been given, left the question unanswered. So did the special celebration to honour Sara Levi-Tanai, the Inbal founder, artistic director and chief choreographer.

Farewell to the Sabbath by Binyamin Zenuah (music: Daniel Schwartzman) based its charm on a hassidic motif. The rabbi is surrounded by his disciples, while a veiled "Sabbath" flits among them. They mime their emotions until lifting melodies lure them into dance rhythms. When Sabbath departs, they are saddened.

When I saw it at the Neve Zedek open-air theatre in Tel Aviv on July 11, the ensemble was untidy, but the whole idea was sweetly sentimental in an old-world style, and it fitted into the Inbal idiom because Hassidism contributed as much to Jewish dance as Yemenite and other Oriental Jewish traditions.

Rina Shorett's *Ovot* (music: Shosh Roizman) brought back doubt. If there were Jewish tracks leading from the Witch of Endor to these sorceresses, I did not discern them. At first the work raised expectations with three lovely "ovot" in black tights, playful as blackbirds. Soon they attached white masks to their knees, hands, heads, but either there was too much or not enough lighting, and the "necromancy" was rather tame.

Once, when the masks made a vertical and then a horizontal line, and then again when the mask heads (facing both ways) were removed, the choreography did match the "dance macabre" of the strong music. Yet the ideas seemed to come more from the Far East than the Middle East.

NOT SO Sara Levi-Tanai's *Shirai ve' Shirim* (translated in the programme as Chants and Songs). This "exercise" in ethnic dance had the excitement, the freshness, the attack that one would expect from a younger choreographer, not a veteran.

The dancers in red tights, limbering at the *barres*, were supervised by Teacher "Yes" and Teacher "No" who stood on a platform and made comments. The dance moved with

DANCE Dora Sowden

the Yemenite spirit. In a few variations that carried zest and brio and a few extraneous, very modern clutch lifts, this was for a while Yemenite flashdance. The teachers had no argument about it and the dancers swung for a few seconds into jive, but soon reverted to their own ethnic inspiration.

Putting on towels as headgear, the men and the women were again back in the world of Inbal, dancing better than in the two previous works. The future was still obviously with Levi-Tanai.

Even here, however, the "coda" was too long and the work was in danger of losing its wit. A cut of some of the "business" with the *barres* at the end would greatly improve the effect.

So the question remains: Who is following in Levi-Tanai's footsteps? African and Eastern images will not do. There is enough richness around us - Jewish and Arab - to feed Inbal for a century or even a millennium.

TO HONOUR Levi-Tanai, Inbal arranged a special "surprise party" (July 18) at the Neve Zedek Theatre, where crowds of well-wishers came to applaud her and enjoy the special look-back show. With Giora Manor as "moderator," this included a comic sketch by Inbal old-timers and current dancers, songs, slides that recorded events over the 35 years, videotapes of former works and an excerpt from Levi-Tanai's *Song of Songs*.

Anna Sokolow, the celebrated American choreographer who was here to teach at the Jerusalem Rubin Academy, recalled her first encounter with Inbal. Many others reminisced about their Inbal experiences. It was indeed an occasion of warmth and enthusiasm for Levi-Tanai sitting on the stage and for her Inbal. It was therefore a pity that the excerpt chosen from *Song of Songs* was not one of the happy ones but the rather bitter scene to the words, "I sought him but could not find him... they smote me, they wounded me."

FOR THE Bat-Dor summer course

in Tel Aviv this year the noted teachers include four guests from four countries:
1. Ronald Emblem, formerly a dancer of the Royal Ballet, who is now teaching at the Royal Ballet School in London.
2. Patricia (Pat) Thomas, from New York, who has been here before. Formerly a member of major companies, she teaches at the Alvin Ailey American Dance Centre.

3. Benjamin Feliksdaal, world-famous Dutch jazz expert, who has his own centre in Amsterdam. This is his second visit.
4. Michael Murman, an American now living in Jerusalem, is an exponent of Tai-Chi and of Japanese and Chinese martial arts.

Admission to the Bat-Dor courses was by audition, and 100 candidates presented themselves, some from abroad, all with dance experience. Only 46 were accepted.

Two visiting teachers at the Bat-Dor Studios, not for the summer courses, were the internationally known Richard Gibson of California, and Nikolai de Lussigny who, despite his name, is British. He taught in Wiesbaden and Mannheim in Germany and is now teaching at the London Dance Centre. From here he goes to teach at the Tanzforum in Cologne. He was last here in 1980.

ISRAELI DANCE '84, the annual edited by Giora Manor, contains many pictures as ever; and, as this is the 20th anniversary of the Bat-Dor Company, a spread of 24 pages relating to the company. However, only four are devoted to Inbal, which is celebrating its 35th year.

Among the five articles in English is the very interesting "Dance among the Jews in the Middle Ages and Renaissance" by Zvi Friedlander. Others range from aspects of folk dance to notes about choreography. There are eight articles in Hebrew.

LINDSAY KEMP, the famous mime, whose shows - *Flowers* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* - were sensationally successful during the Israel Festival, returns to give mime workshops under the auspices of the International Theatre Institute. The workshops will take place at the Bat-Dor Studios in Tel Aviv from August 5-17.

Changing the cultural map



TODAY the Kiryat Ono Youth Band leaves for a month of public appearances in France, England and Holland, which will include participation in three international youth festivals. The band has made the name of the town near Ramat Gan and Tel Aviv known to the world, as a result of its tours of Europe, the U.S. and South America.

It was founded as a small wind ensemble by Aharon Alkalay nearly 30 years ago at an elementary school in Kiryat Ono. The band today consists of some 50 players between the ages of 13 and 18, is still directed by Alkalay. From humble beginnings, the organization has grown into a conservatory with over 500 students and has changed the cultural map of Kiryat Ono and its surroundings.

Some of its large repertoire, comprising over 75 pieces of varied character (for the whole band, for smaller ensembles, and solo pieces for outstanding members of the band), was performed last Saturday night, demonstrating the band's quality and solid training before a large, supportive audience, including the mayor who is justifiably proud of his ambassadors-at-large.

MATAN (the Hebrew acronym for Arts and Culture Projects for Youth) has organized, for the fourth summer in succession, a camp at the Hadassim Youth Village for some 200 students of music and dance from about 50 settlements. Aged between 12 and 18, the students were chosen from hundreds of applicants. They will practise eight hours a day and play in the National Youth Band, the newly formed string orchestra, and the symphony orchestra. The dance section will deal with the classical, modern, jazz and Israeli varieties.

Well-known performing artists and ensembles have been invited to give the artists a glimpse of the finished product.

The conductors this year are Prof. Jimmy Reynolds, Dr. Meir Wiesel, and a guest from the U.S. - Don Hunsberger, of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y. To wind up the proceedings in a festive way, a special concert will be held in Tel Aviv's Ohel Shem Hall on August 8.

Another spin-off will be a seminar workshops on August 2 for band conductors, teachers and instructors organized by the Education Ministry's Youth Department, in conjunc-

MUSIC & MUSICIANS Yohanan Boehm

tion with the Israel Band Federation.

Matan is a joint project of the Youth and the Cultural Divisions of the Ministry of Education and Culture, the Music Foundation, U.S., Omani La'am, and the Israel Association of Community Centres.

THERE WILL be a few organ recitals during the coming weeks at the Redeemer Church in the Old City and the Dormition Abbey on Mt. Zion.

On Sunday, August 29, the *Jugendkantorei Speyer* from Germany will join forces with the Holon Chamber Orchestra to present a special concert at the Jerusalem Theatre with two Bach Cantatas (Nos. 172 and 137) and the famous *Vesperae solennes de Confessore* by Mozart.

The choir from Speyer, which was founded only two years ago, has already acquired a reputation for high quality. Its 120 members, aged 16-25, are either members of church choirs or organists or conductors. The director, Dieter Mettlich, devotes all his time and professional knowledge to training the choir.

He will share the rostrum with Stanley Sperber, who started this season as the music director of the Holon Chamber Orchestra. Founded in 1961, the HCO consists of 20 string players; for this occasion, percussion and wind players will be added. The visit has been made possible through the cooperation of the Dormition Abbey.

The Cameran Singers have returned from Rumania, where they represented Israel at the Music Festival of Brassov. They were the first Israeli ensemble to appear before Rumanian audiences. Reviews were mostly laudatory, and the visit can be regarded as a great success.

Subscriptions for the coming season will be offered to the public shortly. The next season will feature Bach and Handel - it's the 300th anniversary of their birth - and Israeli composers Odedo Partos and Paul Ben-Haim.

The Scholars, from England, on their fourth visit here, will open the

season with a programme dedicated to the music of the Renaissance. An American choir will bring music by Josquin des Prés, Bach and Brahms, as well as American folksongs. In addition to the Cameran Singers, the Rubin Academy Chamber Choir, Jerusalem, under the direction of Stanley Sperber, will represent Israeli choirs in the series entitled *The Voice of Choirs*.

IN PREPARATION for the Year of European Music (1985), the Regional Council of Provence-Alpes-Côte d'Azur has established a Youth Orchestra of the Mediterranean which will have its first public performance at Aix-en-Provence on Sunday. Young musicians - up to the age of 26 - from France, Greece, Israel, Italy, and Spain have been practising together during July at the Convent Royal de Saint-Maximin (Var), under the tutelage of Michel Tabachnik, as chief conductor, and Arturo Tamayo, his assistant.

Master classes were held by Theo Olof, leader of the Concertgebouw Orchestra, Amsterdam, for strings; Hermann Baumann, the famous horn-player, for brass instruments; and Pierre Barbizet for the others.

There are no fewer than 23 Israelis among the 89 orchestra musicians. Of the soloists, the violinist for the Paganini Concerto will be Tayfun Bozok (Turkey) and Leonidas Kavakos (Greece) alternating; the song cycle "Scheherazade" by Ravel will be sung by Maryse Casicc (France) and once by Israel's Zahava Gal. The rest of the programme will be provided by Xenakis' "Metastasis" or Debussy's *L'Après-midi d'un faune*, and the concerts will finish with the Fourth Symphony by Robert Schumann. After four concerts in France, there will be two in Italy; and then there will be three in Greece.

The HQ of the Mediterranean Youth Symphony is the Aix-en-Provence house of Darius Milhaud, the French-Jewish composer who died in 1974. His family put his residence at the disposal of the local government for cultural activities.

There is talk of moving next year's preparatory camp for the Youth Symphony to another country, and Israel should avail itself of this opportunity to play host to the new body. It can only be beneficial to bring together the youth of the Mediterranean countries through active music-making.

This Week in Israel • The JERUSALEM MUSEUMS

this week at the israel museum jerusalem

SUMMER EXHIBITIONS

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Anselm Kiefer - new German paintings.
The Art of the Mosaic - exhibition of mosaics, plus do-it-yourself creative corner for the whole family. (Ruth Youth Wing)
Plasticine - children's works on show, plus activity corner. (Ruth Youth Wing)
Egypt - The Other Side of the River - itinerary objects from Ancient Egypt. (Rockefeller Museum)
A Window to Islam - Islamic culture, religion and court life
Joan Miro - Sculptures
Eighty Years of Sculpture in Israel
12 Pages from the Cairo Geniza
The Well Built Elephant - popular American Architecture
How to Wrap Five Eggs - traditional Japanese Wrapping
Happy Accidents - Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray
Jonathan Borofsky - environmental sculpture. Until August 4.
Scraps - creating home theatre sets and greetings cards (Ruth Youth Wing)
How to Study the Past - for children (Palestine Centre) CLOSED SATURDAYS

SUMMER MAGIC

Open Air Events, Magic Shows, Films, Concerts and Workshops throughout July and August
Magician of the Week - SEVERIN - (performances at no extra charge)
* 10.00 each day in the plaza
* with the children's film at 16.00
* wherever else he pops up around the Museum
Magic Show - Caplotoiro the Fantastic
includes: magic carpet; sewing lady in half; a painting comes to life; piano and pianist disappear into thin air... plus clowns and four piece band.
Every Sun. & Thurs. at 17.30 (Hermann Mayer Terrace - for the whole family)
Children's Show (for 5-8 year olds)
SILENT STORIES BY ABLO ARIEL
The enchanted world of the actor is used to tell these stories (without words)
Every Tuesday and Wednesday at 16.00
Magic Workshops:
for children - every Tuesday, on the hour every hour, 10.00 to 16.00 (Ruth Youth Wing - small fee)
for adults - Tuesday, July 31 at 19.30 - SLEIGHT OF HAND (limited places, Tel. (02) 695213)
Children's Film:
ADVENTURES IN THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR (Walt Disney Prod.)
Sun., Mon., Thurs. at 11.00, 13.30 and 16.00; Tues., Wed., Fri. at 11.00 only
Special Magic Show for Adults
Saturday, July 28 at 21.00
Caplotoiro the Magician and Friends
(Hermann Mayer Terrace - please dress warmly)
The Museum Shop will sell magic tricks for children and adults
Magic shows courtesy of Hermann Mayer

Film:
MARRIED COUPLE (Israel 1983)
Tuesday, July 31 at 18.00 and 20.30
Dir.: Yitzhak "Zepel" Yeshurun; with Yaron London, Miri Fabian, Ruth Harlap
Terrace Concert:
Tuesday, July 31 at 18.00
Israel Brass Quintet (Courtesy of Eitan Weyl)
Concert:
Saturday, Aug. 4 at 21.00
AN EVENING OF GEORGE & IRA GERSHWIN & COLE PORTER
With Sandra Johnson, singing; Liz Magnes, piano

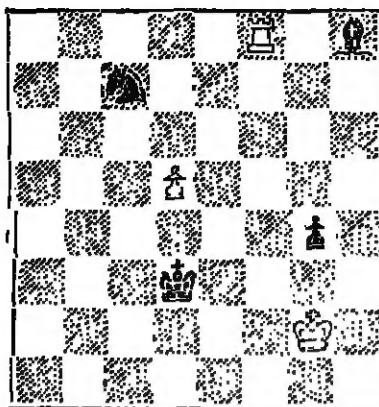
RUTH YOUTH WING
Adult workshops include: Getting to Know the Israeli Artist, 6-9 August (in English). Family workshop: Build Your Own Dollhouse, 6-9 August.
Registration is now taking place for children's classes 1984-85
For further details please call (02) 833278
GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH
Museum: Sun. 11.00 & 15.00; Tues. 16.30; Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. at 11.00
Archaeology Galleries: Monday at 15.00
Shrine of the Book: Tuesday at 15.00
Rockefeller Museum: Friday at 11.00
VISITING HOURS
Extended Summer Hours during July and August:
Museum and Shrine of the Book: Tuesday 10.00-22.00; Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri., Sat. 10.00-14.00
Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri., Sat. 10.00-14.00
Tricho House: Galleries - Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues., 10.00-22.00; Fri. 10.00-13.30
Garden Cafe: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-midnight; Fri. 10.00-15.00
Some galleries may be closed temporarily due to development work

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CHESS

Elihu Shahaf

Problem No. 3183
AMATZIA AVNI, Tel Aviv
1st prize, Israel Ring Ty., 1979



White to play and win (3-4)
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3181 (Afek). 1.b7 Bc5! (1.-Rc6 2.Nc7; 1.-Rc6 2.b8N, wins) 2.Bc5 Rh8 3.Ka7 Kc6 4.Bd4 Rh7 5.Bg7! Rg7 6.Nd4 Kc5 (Kd6) 7.Nf5 (Nc6), and wins.

USSR vs. REST OF THE WORLD
FOURTEEN years after the memorable "match of the century" in Belgrade (which the USSR won by 20½-19½), the selected sides of the Soviet Union and the Rest of the World met in London for their

second match. Like the first one, it was played on 10 boards in four rounds, and like the first one, it was a very close contest. The first round resulted in a 5-5 draw; the Russians won the second 6-4 and the third 5½-4½. In the fourth round the Rest of the World won 5½-4½.

On board 1, world champion Anatoly Karpov beat Sweden's Ulf Andersson 2½-1½ (one win with three draws). On board 11, contender for the title Garry Kasparov beat Holland's Jan Timman 2½-1½. Board III gave the Rest of the World their first victory when Victor Korchnoi (Switzerland) beat Lev Polugaevsky 2-1. In the fourth game Vladimir Tukmakov substituted for Polugaevsky and drew with Korchnoi. Board IV - Yugoslavia's Ljubomir Ljubojevic beat Vasily Smyslov 1½-½, but lost with same result to Tukmakov in the remaining two games. Board V - Hungarian grandmaster Zoltan Ribli, one of the participants of the world championship candidates' matches, beat Rafael Vaganian 2½-1½. Board VI - Alexander Beliavsky attained the best result in the Soviet team. In the first two games he twice beat Yassir Seirawan of the U.S. and in the last two games beat Denmark's Bent Larsen (who played the top board in the 1970 match) 1½-½. Board VII - Four players competed here. Mikhail Tal beat England's John Nunn 1½-½, and drew with Murray Chandler, also of England. In the

fourth game Nunn drew with Oleg Romanishin. Board VIII - Yuri Razuvayev and West Germany's Robert Hubner drew all four games. Board IX - Arthur Yusupov and England's Anthony Miles ended with a 1½-1½ draw. In the fourth game Romanishin replaced Yusupov and lost to Miles. Board X - The new Soviet champion Andrei Sokolov lost to Eugenio Torre of the Philippines 1-2. In the fourth game both players were replaced by Romanishin and Chandler, who drew their game.

Altogether the Soviets won 8 games, the Rest of the World 6, and 26 games were drawn.

LONDON 1984
J. TIMMAN A. KARPOV
1.c4 e5 2.Nf3 Nc6 3.d4 ed 4.Nd4 Nf6 5.Nc3 de 6.Bc5 Qc7 7.Qc2 Nd5 8.c4 Bb6 9.Qc4 Nbd7 10.Nd2 0-0-0 11.c5 Bf1 12.ch Ba6 13.ba Kc7 14.Nb3 f6 15.f4 fe 16.fe Re7 17.Bf4 Qd4 18.g3 Qh5 19.Rc1 Ka8 20.h4 d5 21.Qc3 g5 22.Bg5 Bb4 23.Kf2 Rh8 24.Kg2 Re5 25.Qc5 Qc3 26.Kh2 Qf2. White resigns.

M. CHANDLER Z. RIBLI
1.c4 e5 2.Nf3 d6 3.d4 ed 4.Nd4 Nf6 5.Nc3 de 6.Bc5 Qc7 7.Qc2 Nd5 8.c4 Bb6 9.Qc4 Nbd7 10.Nd2 0-0-0 11.c5 Bf1 12.ch Ba6 13.ba Kc7 14.Nb3 f6 15.f4 fe 16.fe Re7 17.Bf4 Qd4 18.g3 Qh5 19.Rc1 Ka8 20.h4 d5 21.Qc3 g5 22.Bg5 Bb4 23.Kf2 Rh8 24.Kg2 Re5 25.Qc5 Qc3 26.Kh2 Qf2. White resigns.

27.Qg3 Rd7 28.f4 Kc8 29.Rf1 d5 30.h4 h5 31.Rf6 Rf4 32.Qc5 Re1 33.Rb6 Be2 34.Kd2 Re7 35.Kd1 Qd3 36.Ka1 Qc3 37.Bb2 Qc5 38.Rb8! Black resigns.

A. KARPOV M. CHANDLER
1.d4 d5 2.c4 c6 3.Nd3 c5 4.ed ed 5.g3 Nf6 6.Bg2 Be7 7.0-0 0-0 8.Nc1 Nc6 9.d5 Bc5 10.Bg5 d4 11.Bf6 Of6 12.Nd5 Qd8 13.Nd2 Re8 14.Rf1 Bb6 15.Rc1 Be6 16.Nf4 Bc2 17.h3 Bc5 18.Rc2 Bb3 19.Nb3 d1 20.Rc6! Be1 21.Rc1 d2 22.Rh1 a5 23.Nd3 Qc5 24.Nb5 Ra8 25.Bb7 h5 26.Rf3 Qf5 27.Kg2 h4 28.g4 Qg5 29.h4 Rd3 30.Qb3 g6 31.e3 Rd8 32.Nc1 a1 33.Qd4 Qc7 34.g5! Rd3 35.Nf6 Kf8 36.Qh4 Qd8 37.Rb7! Black resigns.

BRILLIANT TOUCH
White - Kg1; Qh4; Ka1, Rd1; Bb3; Be1; Pa2, b2, c2, e4, f5, g2, h2, (13)
Black - Kc8; Qc7; Rh8, Rg7; Bb7; Nbd6; Pa6, b5, d6, e5, f6, f7, h7, (13)

1. Bb6 Rg8 2. Bc3! Nd7 3. Qh7! and Black resigned in view of 3. Kf7 4. Rh3 Kg7 5. Bb6 Kf7 6. Bb8x. (Branka - Vittori, Lugano, 1983).

ART OF ATTACK
White - Kg1; Qc1; Rf1, Rg3; Bf6; Nd4; Pc3, e5, g2, h2, (10)
Black - Kg8; Qd5; Ra8, Rf8; Bh7; Be5; Pa6, c6, f7, g6, h7, (11)

1. Rf1 Rg8 2. Qh4 Kf8 3. Qh7 Rd4 Rd4 Kf8 4. Qg5 Kd7 6. Qf7 Kc6 7. Bb1 Ra8 8. Qg6 Rg8 9. Qc2 Kd7 10. Qh7! Black resigns. (Vojtech-Zelinka, correspondence game, USSR 1971)

ENDGAME FINESS
White - Kf2, Ra8; Pa7, f3, h3, (9)
Black - Kp6, Ra2, Pe2, g7, (4)
1. f3 Kh7 2. f4 g6 3. h5 g4 4. f5 Ra8 5. Kf2 g6 6. f6. Black resigns. (Bouchey-Papa, USSR, 1981.)

HUNGARIAN CHAMPIONSHIP
GM ANDRAS ADORJAN played with much more vigour to win the 1981 Hungarian Championship. Adorjan topped the unusually strong field with a time score of 7.3, a full point ahead of GMs Lajos Portisch and Ivan Fencsik, and IM Adia Gropshici.

Adorjan, a candidate in the 1981 World Championship Cycle, is known as a player who can be very dangerous. In recent years he has had a tendency towards too many draws - with few triumphs, but also few disasters.

UTASI ADORJAN
1. d4 Nf6 2. Nc3 e5 3. Bg5 c5 4. e3 Be7 5. Nbd2 b6 6. d5 b5 7. e4 Nc6 8. Bb5 Bb7 9. 0-0 0-0 10. c5 Nd5 11. Be7 Nc7 12. e4 Nbd7 13. Bb4 Na4 14. Qd4 Nf6 15. Rad1 f6 16. Qh3 Qc7 17. e6 Rf6 18. Qc1 Nf4 19. Ne4 Rg6 20. Ne1 Rf8 21. f3 Qc5 22. Kh1 Rb6 23. Qc5 d5 24. Nf2 Rh2. White resigns.

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Loser's lady

ROCK, ETC.
Michal Yudelman

like "The Last Chance Texaco," "Company" and "After Hours." It's said that Randy Newman, who plays synthesizer on one album cut, was asked what he thought of the song. "Can't tell," he replied, "couldn't understand a word." The words are printed on the album sleeve - and it's just as well, for not only are they almost impossible to grasp by ear only, you wouldn't want to miss them, either.

Referred to by *Time* magazine (May 21, 1979) as the Duchess of Coolsville, Jones sings of losers, drunks, drifters...the type you meet in back alleys and sleazy midnight dives. She slices around the lyrics, sometimes strutting them, sometimes scuttling between them in such slick hipster style that you find it hard to believe this is her first professional venture. Her voice, accented by piano and guitar, is a touching combination of cynicism and tenderness, reaching its height on intense tracks

of their previous melodic, soft funk and while "soul" spiced with jazzy sequences.

The group has obviously decided to stay on the safe path of commercial popularity, especially since they're now being discovered by a whole new generation of youngsters. There's nothing here to equal "If You Leave Me Now," their smash 1976 hit. But *Chicago 17* is quite palatable, pleasant and, well, it's hard to say anything bad about it, except that you'd expect this band to be doing something original after so many albums.

SOMETHING for everybody this week: Frank Sinatra's album *New York, New York* (General Music Company), containing his greatest hits, has recently been released locally. It includes "Moon River," "My Way," "Yesterday," "For Once In My Life" and many, many others, ranging from 1962 to 1981.

"DON'T CALL me sweetie, it gives me a rash," says Corinne Allal in her first solo album *Corinne Allal* (CBS) and this just about gives you an idea of where her head is at. Allal is the first Israeli female singer to strike out with the full force of her voice and emotion, while all the others falsetto into jazz, wallow in weepy "Israel the Beautiful" songs or drone out romantic or folksy crap. There may be better voices on the



Rickie Lee Jones.

local pop scene, but no one has given herself to such a powerful, personal statement before. Allal lashes out at social mores she has been brought up on, slams male chauvinist values and evokes all the bitterness and despair

of a less professional, rough-hewn Marianne Faithfull. With this album, she's proved she can belt it out with the rest of the best; let's hope she paves the way to a new trend in local music.

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Thinking bridge



"THINK BRIDGE," a motto in teaching, is illustrated in the following deals. They took place in my first tournament this summer in Ventura, California.

Deal 1
Vul: both

North
♠ 10 9 5 4 2
♥ A 7 6 3
♦ 8 4
♣ 6

East
♠ K 9 6 3
♥ Q 5
♦ A J 9 5 3
♣ 9 4

South (D)
♠ J
♥ Q J 9 2
♦ Q
♣ A K J 10 8 7 3 2

With this massive club suit, what do you open? A high-level club bid? Two clubs? A pass, in the certain belief that some other player will open the bidding?

I wanted none of these: I wanted information and decided to begin the expected fireworks with one club.

West might have made a take-out double, but instead bid one diamond. Perhaps he thought it was better to bid his long suit, rather than to hope for a major suit contract. My preference would have been the take-out double.

My partner passed, and I gave up hopes for a slam. East raised to two diamonds. Apparently the opponents found the right suit. At this point I could pussy-foot no longer and jumped to five clubs. Even if partner had a bust I would reach at least five clubs defensively, so why not say so at once? Somehow this frightened opponents out of a five diamond contract they could make.

BRIDGE

George Levinrew

spade queen discarded my single diamond being set only one trick.

Deal 2
Vul: E-W

North
♠ 10 9 3
♥ A 7 6 5
♦ A K Q 8
♣ A 3 2

East
♠ K 8 2
♥ A 10 4
♦ A K Q 2
♣ A 3 2

West (D)
♠ A Q
♥ A K 10 5 4 2
♦ J 10
♣ A 10 5

South
♠ J 7 6 4 2
♥ 9 3
♦ Q 9 4 2
♣ 2

The bidding:
North 1♣ East 1♥ South 1♠ West 1♠
2♥ 2♠ 2♠ 2♠
3♥ 3♥ 3♥ 3♥
4♥ 4♥ 4♥ 4♥
All Pass

THIS DEAL illustrates one basic problem in bidding, whether or not to open with a two trump bid on a balanced hand of 20 high card points. My partner likes movement in bidding, and opened one diamond.

If I were to respond with a one over one bid he would have the chance of bidding two no trump which would show 18-20 high card points. If my response were one spade he could raise to three spades. But all this was not to happen. East made a take-out double which I passed. West bid one spade. Knowing from my pass over the double that we must have a diamond fit North could safely bid two diamonds. If I had not had three or four diamonds I would have found an escape somewhere, rather than a pass. East bid two spades. I could with relative safety bid three diamonds. But North might well have a three card heart suit and we could escape if necessary to four diamonds. I boldly bid three hearts which North carried to game.

West led a spade and East won with the queen. I counted the hand and saw that the only chance to make the contract was to find West with a doubleton heart with an honour. At the first opportunity I finessed the heart ten. Subsequently the heart ace dropped the Queen. The defence won two spade tricks and I made the contract.

A plague on pollsters

THE MAIN losers in Monday's catastrophic elections, apart from you, me, the State of Israel and the Jewish people, were the pollsters, whose stock shrank like the Israel stock exchange under the Likud.

Pollsters as a species were produced by some evolutionary mutation in the Thirties, when George H. Gallup started telling people incorrectly how they were going to vote in elections. One of the pollsters' greatest achievements was the 1948 prophecy of a landslide victory for Thomas Dewey over Harry Truman, a slight error which compelled many American newspapers to remake their front pages.

But the pollsters did not really take over the world until they mated with another species, the computers. This union invested the offspring with an aura of scientific sanctity. They no longer based their forecasts on a couple of questions put to the wife, the kids, the father-in-law and the neighbours; they sent out teams to collect data. Then they fed the data into computers, and asked appropriate questions. Everybody knows that a computer, like George Washington, cannot tell a lie. So the word went round the globe: public opinion polls are scientific, computerized and infallible.

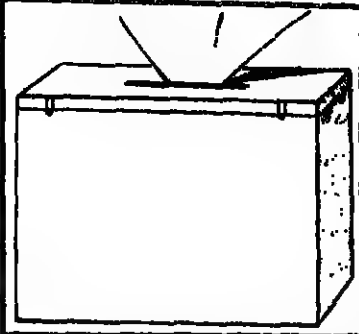
Israel always goes overboard when it gets a chance to show that it is more American than America, so we placed pollsters on a pedestal, and worshipped them in the way our erring forefathers worshipped the golden calf. Just as those ancestors got it in the neck for their wicked ways, so we have had to pay a heavy price for this deification of the pollsters.

I never expected to find myself endorsing a single word said by Deputy Prime Minister David Levy, but I must concede that he had a point when he said on TV on Monday night that he relied for his public opinion sampling on what he did and what he found in the field, not on the polls. He pointed out that the polls had shown the Alignment having leads ranging from two to 16 seats.

Levy went to great pains to emphasize that he was not going to take any notice of Hanoach Smith's straw poll, and would suspend judgement and action until the final results came in. Other leaders in other parties said exactly the same thing. Yet, in practice, they and everyone else in the country hung on Smith's words like the Israelites hung on Moses' lips as he read to them what was written on the two oddly shaped chunks of stone he had brought down from the mountain. I can think of no other nation that places such credence in the words of one man, despite all the warnings issued by Smith himself and by Haim Yavin, that the straw poll carried no guarantee of accuracy.

THUS THE Likud camp and the National Religious Party were jubilant, and the Alignment and Yahad people plunged into the blackest gloom, when the result of the straw poll was announced: Alignment 46, Likud 43, NRP 5, Yahad 2.

Perhaps the polls become so authoritative because they are not just pronounced; they are supported by elaborate diagrams in many colours. One set showed the results as coloured columns with the 1981 results in black columns next to them; another set used coloured sectors of a circle. The cumulative effect of all this grandeur was to intensify the message that everything was very, very scientific.



TELEREVIEW

Philip Gillon

Poor Smith kept insisting that a straw poll was only a straw poll, that nobody should draw any conclusions from it till he could start forecasting accurately from a sufficient number of key results. When he got a chance to do so, he threw a magnificent gift to the Likud, a bomb at the Alignment. He declared that the gap between the two parties had disappeared, that the Likud might even end up ahead by a small margin.

If I did not detest the Likud leaders so heartily for involving our beloved country in such reckless military and economic adventures, I might find it in my heart to be sorry for them, so completely did they buy Smith's sudden offer of glory. How they shouted, cheered, danced and wept for joy! They have a great tendency to bring God into their affairs - Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir declared that he would form a coalition, with God's help; if God participates in coalition bargaining in Israel, it may explain why He neglects other matters that would seem to be far more urgent and important. And one of them shouted, "There is a God!" What that particular leader said when Smith returned to a margin of five in the Alignment's favour, we did not hear: presumably he decided that God was not up there, after all, and that Satan had got his hand on the computer.

The joy of the Likud was matched by the gloom of the Alignment, and, incidentally, of Tebiya, when they were told that the most they could expect would be three seats. Dr. Strangelove, General Blood and Clots and the witch of Endor were as glum as glum could be.

I have a suspicion that Smith and Yavin fall into a kind of trap of their own making. Despite their careful warnings about the straw poll being only a rough guide based on a very small sample of polling stations, they keep returning to it, and keep trying to show how close it is to being 100 per cent accurate. This may affect Smith's interpretation of the real results, when he is in a position to make a more than educated guess of the final prospects, but he goes on clinging to his straw.

Their love of this poll also leads them to try to pull off a sort of confidence trick, in which they say that there is very little difference between 46-43 and 45-41, only a couple of digits. In fact, there is an enormous difference, representing scores of thousands of voters. This difference is vital to our happiness when we start to play the numbers game, and to build up coalitions on the basis of the figures given us by Smith.

I HASTEN to add that it is not only Smith among the pollsters who errs: he is one of the most remarkable pollsters in the country. All of them went astray, hopelessly astray,

throughout the last two months, just as they did before the 1981 elections. What gibberish they fed us about the gigantic Alignment lead, gibberish that must have had an incalculable effect on the election campaigns of the parties.

It is impossible that two months ago the electorate would have given the Alignment over 60 seats and Likud about 30, and that hundreds of thousands of voters changed their minds in that short period.

There are four possible explanations for these misleading polls. One is that the polls are rigged, for some mysterious reason - this I turn down out of hand, knowing that the pollsters are all people of unimpeachable integrity. The second is that the people polled are teasing the pollsters' earnest interviewing teams, and are having them on with false answers. The third is that the computers are feeling mischievous, and are fouling up their answers, just for the fun of it. The last, and probably the best answer, is that God is intervening once again in our affairs, and is playing one of His sardonic jokes on us.

FROM hindsight, it does seem that the Alignment's public relations team was at fault in the structuring of the campaign. It must have told its clients that the Alignment had the middle-class Ashkenazim and the loyal Histadrut workers safely buttoned up, and did not need to beam messages at them, that the focus of the campaign should be on the Likud constituency, the Sephardim from the slums and moshavim who idolized Menachem Begin, and might be reached, since Likud had no replacement for the king.

This resulted in propaganda that Meir Wilner, the astute Communist leader, described as a pale imitation of the Likud's. It may well have led many possible Alignment voters to cast their votes for Shinui or the Citizens' Rights Movement or Lova Eliav. It may also have alienated many Arab voters. As it worked out, votes for the CRM or Shinui will end up useful to the Alignment, but those bestowed on Lova are utterly dead, and may well have cost the forces of liberty an all-important mandate.

I must congratulate Haim Yavin and his hard-working team on their astonishing feat, keeping us awake and absorbed until six in the morning. Normally I prepare for the long night's journey into dawn by sleeping all afternoon on election day, and by laying in an adequate supply of liquid refreshment to celebrate a victory for the forces of light, or to mourn a triumph for the forces of darkness. But this time the position was so critical that I abandoned my journalistic pose of being an interested but detached observer of the human comedy, and went to work for the Alignment in a polling station, where I had the satisfaction of counting more Alignment than Likud votes.

As a result, I was late getting to my post in my armchair, and was rather relieved that a technical breakdown in the computer delayed Smith's momentous opening announcement. I was scared to drink heartily lest alcohol should dull my reactions. Yavin and his far-flung team kept us totally hooked. But I did not during the dancing, which seemed at one point to be a choreographic interpretation of an embattled man and woman getting together. Was this an analogy of the formation of a national coalition government? □

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Kiefer's Twilight of the Gods

Meir Ronnen

THE EXHIBITION OF paintings by Anselm Kiefer (b. Germany, 1945) at the Israel Museum is a singular event; and not only because Kiefer is one of the most prominent names in "New Painting" in Germany today. For Kiefer is also one of the most "German" of all of the Bundesrepublik's young artists, writing texts, names and associations into his huge, brutally powerful canvases, works that often make his fellow Germans, both liberal and rightists, feel distinctly uncomfortable. Kiefer stirs his brushes in the entrails of all of his country's mystic and mythic traditions, from Nordic legends and Teutonic sagas to the scorched earth and Nazi architecture of our times.

It is not surprising, then, that many well-intentioned Germans view Kiefer with suspicion; and the idea that he may in some way represent the new Germany abroad, with something like dismay.

Their anxiety is misplaced. The Kiefer show will, in general, be rightly welcomed here as a major artistic event. It is the first major one-man show of a prominent representative of New Painting from abroad; and the first one-man show by a young German at the Israel Museum. At the same time, it is totally different in approach from the more innocuous "New Painting from Germany" seen at the Tel Aviv Museum recently.

Its content has not fazed the staff of the Israel Museum. The show's curator, Suzanne Landau, is the daughter of Holocaust survivors. Director Martin Weyl, who has thrown his full weight behind the show, is himself a Holocaust survivor. Both are fascinated by Kiefer, both as man and artist. This writer, for one, is fascinated by the sight of a young German wrestling with both his soul and his past.

Nevertheless, there are bound to be reactions from artists here who feel that their Jewishness or use of Jewish Israeli themes entitles them to equal time with Kiefer, or even priority over him. They are not likely to be persuaded, by me or anyone else, that such considerations are beside the point.

A PALPABLE tinge of nervousness thus preceded the opening of the Kiefer show this week, presaged as it was by planted puffs in the Hebrew press. The most intelligent one was written for the *Haaretz* weekend magazine by former *Haaretz* critic Doreet Levite-Harten, who pointed out that just because Kiefer has the courage to deal in the currency of his country's often murky past, he need not (and can in no way) be identified as a proponent of any of these traditions; or be considered a vehicle for their revival.

While this writer agrees with her, the argument might have been given more credibility if presented by a less interested party: *Haaretz* failed to identify Levite as one of the prime movers of the exhibition here and as the wife of the man who directs the museum which first hosted the show, and who wrote all the entries for the catalogue. He is Jürgen Harten. Director of the Dusseldorf Kunst-halle and a staunch supporter of both Israel and the Israel Museum.

From Dusseldorf, the Kiefer show

went to the City Museum of Modern Art in Paris. The names of the three museums appear on the German, French and English catalogue. But only 15 of the original show's 57 canvases reached Israel (together with some 30 works on paper), plus a canvas specially created for the show here. Much of his typical (and controversial) subject matter is missing.

To get a real idea of the huge Kiefer retrospective, covering a decade of his work, one has to turn to the beautifully printed catalogue. And to get some idea of what even the 16 canvases here are all about, one has to turn to Harten's concise explanatory notes to each picture.

The only Hebrew provided with the catalogue is an inset listing the titles and dates of the works. The Israeli visitor who cannot afford the catalogue will thus see a show which he must judge solely on its visual merits, probably the ultimate test, but in this case an experience that can only add to bewilderment. Even with the benefit of Harten's notes, it is often difficult to assess what Kiefer is driving at.

ONE OF the strongest arrows in any artist's quiver is finely tuned ambiguity: to be obvious is to risk being banal. The narrative artist who spells things out descends to mere illustration or banal symbolism. A work that is left open to various interpretations is far more interesting—and more likely to arouse one's curiosity.

On the other hand, once the coded message is deciphered, the eye turns again to the vehicle: the painting itself. If this does not stand up to continued scrutiny, a failure may be registered. One can't help feeling that Kiefer deals with matters that other Germans have explored far more effectively in a medium better suited to this particular task, that of the cinema.

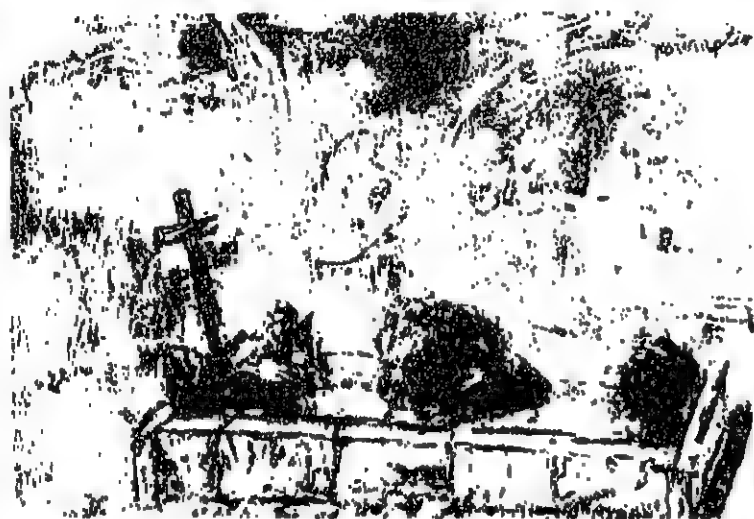
While Kiefer the German acknowledges his past in a way that suggests exorcism as well as search for cathartic understanding, Kiefer the painter rejects it. He rejects the whole concept of "pleasant" painting (though it often crops up, *volens volens*, in many of his smaller works) in favour of large-scale brutal power. His imaginary landscapes are settings on a Wagnerian scale. If Kiefer the painter draws on anything from the past, it is only from the very recent past. He studied under Joseph Beuys, from whom he must have learned that today's artist must be something else, singing his personal song in an intensely personal code, making a future by digesting the past; and regurgitating it with a taste of his own bile.

ASPECTS OF post-modernist techniques have not been lost on Kiefer either: his huge canvases, in addition to oils and acrylics, are sometimes compounded of materials like straw, clay, tar (laid on with the aid of blowtorch) staples, and symbolic assemblage. A huge burned field with the word "Nuremberg" written above it contains three partly burned wooden batons; while "Wayland's Song" (1982) which draws on one of the ghastliest of many ghastly German legends, contains one of Wayland's wings worked in lead.

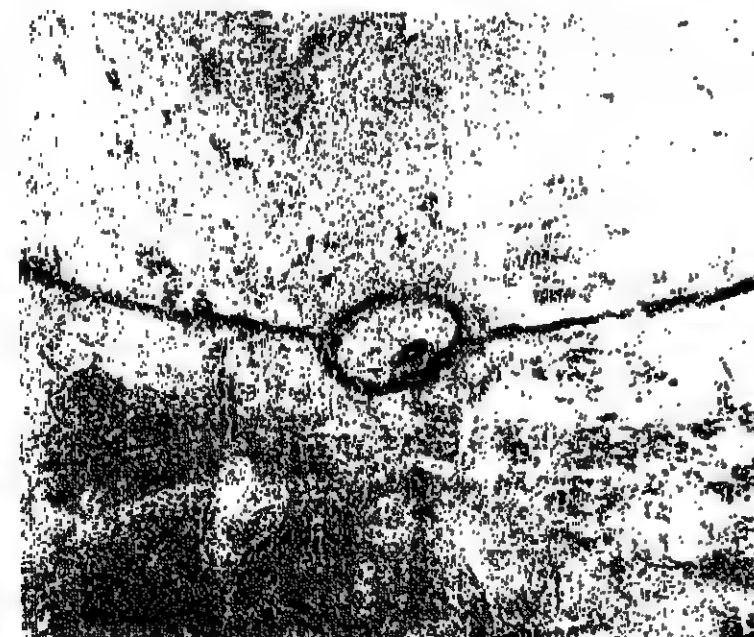
If the use of such combinations is nothing new, it must be said that Kiefer's work is generally not derivative. He has learned not only from



"Painting of the Scorched Earth", 1974, by Anselm Kiefer.



"Resumptio", another early oil by Kiefer at the Israel Museum.



"Palette Hung from a (burning) Rope", 1977, by Kiefer.

Beuys but from Jasper Johns, Ed Ruscha and Saul Steinberg. He has lifted ideas and motifs from 19th century German painters. But what he turns out is 100 per cent Kiefer, disturbing and harrowing at best, clumsily trivial at worst. Many of the works on paper here are, despite their being entitled "Horeb" or "Mt. Tabor", imaginary landscapes that I doubt would have been considered good enough for this venue if presented by an Israeli painter.

Indeed, as Harten himself suggests in the catalogue, certain Kiefer works would be bereft of intrinsic

merit without their title or in other cases, without their literary and written references. But this is far from true of all Kiefer's works; many do possess a powerful, intriguing presence.

Others give rise to associations perhaps not intended by the author. The "Nuremberg", with all its connotations for Jews of anti-racial laws and Hitler rallies seems to an Israeli eye the charred remains of Nazi hopes, which may still spring forth from the fire-renewed earth. But Kiefer didn't have this in mind at all, if one reads Harten's uncharacteris-

tically ambiguous note on this work correctly.

FIRE is a recurring theme in Kiefer's work, but used in different ways. His early use of flames were manifestations of the Trinity or the eternal flame of the Vallhalla of slain heroes. Other fires recall Brunhilde's death. Then whole landscapes burst into flame or smolder after the desolation of war. Kiefer also equates burning with an act of creation: painting (and even the use of the blowtorch reinforces this concept). The artist's palette is painted into scenes of scorched earth, or hung from a line of fire. Elsewhere, Kiefer has used both the palette and Nazi architecture to erect ironic memorials to the Unknown Painter, still soldiering on (hopefully in the service of humanity).

But in Kiefer's scorched earth paintings, the clouds sometimes seem freshly turned, ready for new seed. The artist offers no clue as to what sort of phoenix will rise from the ashes.

BOTH KIEFER and Harten are too young to know that during Hitler's war "scorched earth" was a household word. As the Wehrmacht rolled across the steppes, the retreating Russians, not wishing to leave the invaders the slightest comfort, put their own country, its houses and its fields, to the torch. This was the famous "scorched earth" policy; and the memory of it and all that followed, over shadows, for me at least, anything else that Kiefer intended.

All that said, not all of Kiefer's imagery refers to totally Germanic sources; he draws on other myths of classical antiquity and, more recently, on contemporary literature. In a succession of paintings on the duality of "Margaret" and "Shulamite", he uses metaphors from Paul Celan's "Fugue of Death", which contrasts "Your Golden Hair, Margaret" with the ashen (ashes) hair of Shulamite (Celan's parents were killed by the Nazis and he himself committed suicide in 1970).

More enigmatic was Kiefer's use of the name Shulamite in a work (not seen here) evocative of a crypt in a mausoleum for the great soldiers of Germany. Harten writes of this work: "This is no 'guilt' painting, nor a cenotaph in memory of the victims of Fascism; it is an attempt at an avowal of the alchemy of mourning. In murdering the Jews, we Germans, thus Kiefer might be translated, have murdered a part of ourselves."

ONE WOULD never guess all this on one's own. But mourning might be the key to the psyche of Kiefer. It is not a mourning comparable to the mourning of the Jews of our times. Kiefer seems to be mourning the indigestibility of his heritage by battling with it in an ongoing series of waking dreams. Where Saul Steinberg offered us landscapes of names in perspective he was poking fun at our sense of scale; where Ruscha used words in landscapes, he was pointing up our minuscule insignificance.

Except in the Steinberg-Ruscha- evocative watercolour pun "Essenz-Ek-sistenz", with the "Ek" poised on a mountain peak, Kiefer has none of the Americans' comic detachment; he moves in close and rubs his nose in his past; and thus Germany's nose too. It is not a pretty sight. O

Hecht Museum: a major event

Edith Varga-Biro

DR. REUBEN HECHT of Haifa has donated the largest private collection of Pre-Talmudic archaeological finds to Haifa University, and has also funded the building of a museum, named after him and his wife.

The museum contains an excellent selection in its chosen fields, with hundreds of fine, well-preserved and rare artifacts. Its opening is a major event.

The late Yigael Yadin visited the museum the day before his recent death and wrote in the guestbook: "...a magnificent museum, an outstanding collection..."

One quarter of the collection, some 800 pieces, are exhibited, to which a few works by 18th century Jewish artists are added. Another, similarly large, hall is being built, to house the Jewish art collection. The view of the hall, reached on Saturdays through a catacomb passage, is somewhat impaired by the many pillars, showcases and a huge central stair. Exhibitions of excavations in the North, pedagogical and scholarly activities are planned.

The Hecht Museum is arranged mainly according to the archaeological periods of Eretz Israel, from Chalcolithic to Byzantine (with corresponding Jewish historical epochs). Still, many artifacts are grouped to show function: temple and cult; kitchen and feeding; lamps, coins, seals and weights. There are complete finds of tombs; beautiful glass vessels; human and animal figurines; motifs, like the menorah and the pomegranate (this latter forms a charming mini-collection). It is



Fertility figures, late Israelite period (Hecht Museum, Haifa University).

sometimes difficult for the visitor to find the thread of chronology—perhaps some visual help would be useful.

As this is a single collector's museum, we can also discern personal preference in the arrangement, i.e. a carved Talmudic period menorah placed before much older Eretz-Israelite pieces; or the huge, beautiful aerial photograph of the Old City as seen today, which dominates the entrance hall. Small female figurines also meet the eye as often as they do in Dr. Hecht's interesting Graeco Museum at his Dagon Silo in Haifa.

Dominating the hall are two enormous anthropoid coffins, bought from the collection of Moshe Dayan, found in Deir-el-Balah, south of Gaza, made of local clay, with stylized faces, hands and feet in slight relief. The coffins also contained precious objects of alabaster, gold and cornelian jewellery and other offerings and they are exhibited in a separate showcase.

Dr. Rachel Hochliti, director of

the museum, directed my attention to some unique finds: tiny, Early Canaanite perforated clay animals (perhaps amulets or jewels); a vessel made of an ostrich egg, held and hung by metal bands; an 8th century B.C.E. iron candlestick from Samaria, antedating similar pieces; a rare, Late Bronze duck-shaped cosmetic box. Among the imports from Cyprus is a painted vessel shaped as a powerful bull.

The display is perhaps richest in artifacts from the Late Israelite period and includes a four-room model house. There are scores of full-breasted female fertility figures (reversed, seemingly, also in Jewish households); small clay beds, birds, cosmetic vessels, rattles, jar and bottle stoppers, decorated by a carved hand. Interesting also is a clay model shrine in which a pair of columns flank the doorway. This motif, like so many others in the collection, returns often in later Jewish art.

Two complete finds of 8th century B.C.E. Samaria tombs are on show; the first the above-mentioned candlestick, the second a clay vessel in the form of a horse which could be filled through a hole in the back, with the mouth serving as a spout.

The exhibition contains many well-written, instructive inscriptions in Hebrew and English, which blend tastefully into the arrangement. It concentrates on groups, rather than individual pieces, and the muted colour scheme lowers the excitement caused by special works of art. Instead, these are reassembled on one wall through lit, white-on-black photographs.

(Haifa University Tower, 1st floor. Open 10-1, except Fridays; also Tuesdays 3-7).

Homage to Margoshilsky

Gil Goldfine

FOR PHOTOGRAPHER Yossi Esher, "Margo's Atelier" had been a closed, magical place, a hidden corner filled with the secrets of how to create art and other wondrous things.

Artel Margoshilsky, the late headmaster of the Tel Aviv School of Art, passed away in 1983. As a form of last testament to his artist-teacher, Esher photographed "Margo's" studio and from the black and white prints has created four large wall installations. Larger than life and depicting easels, brushes, charcoal sticks, rags, etching tools, they are seen within the general disorder of the accepted norm of an artist's working corner.

Esher has composed an interesting and energetic recreation of the studio dynamics in a cubistic manner, with repeated images and overlapping angled rectangles, one that crosses Picasso with Balla and Duchamp. (White Gallery, 4 Kikar Hahibah, Tel Aviv).

THIS YEAR'S graduating class of the Tel Aviv School of Art shows the fruits of 13 final-year projects. Mostly painting in the New Figurative manner, the works are wild and woolly, with enough pigment and bravado flung around to fill two galleries, not one. Although 13 individuals are represented it is disturbing and confusing to witness such a



David Koler: photograph (Yehoshua Gardens Art Pavilion, Tel Aviv).

common thread in terms of gestural linear structure and colour application. Only Hanna Gitelson and Gloria Ben Yaakov exhibit dimensional objects, the latter showing a rather inspiring Kufkesque installation, an epic of miniature figures stretched out in a meshed coop. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi, Tel Aviv).

SIMONA LIFSHTZ, trained in Amsterdam, paints portraits using a bland palette and a dry, evenly arranged light source. Yet, despite the conservative flat colour and clas-

sically composed seated figures, the oils capture personalities, people the viewer can relate to with a sense of familiar understanding. The quiet light and clearly defined separation of figure and objective surroundings captures a meditative mood and a mellow atmosphere. There is no humour and little drama to speak of and little of the Dutch school has rubbed off. But the open facial expressions of the sitters somehow seem to mask hidden, unexplainable thoughts.

Lifshtz's gallery mate, David Koler (Kfar Hanassi) shows a score of black-and-white photographic studies of the female figure, either dressed, naked or robed (catching the nuance of Koler's erotically tinged images). Using stark, dramatic lighting focused on the figure, Koler places emphasis on the feminine mystique, especially the emerging from the dark, in standing, seated or posed positions, all accented by Koler's excellent appraisal and balance of grey, white and black values. (Yehoshua Gardens Art Pavilion, Park Hayarkon, Tel Aviv). DANI ESHET, a graduate of the San Francisco Art Institute and Miri Frenkel, studying at the Boston Museum School, show paintings, prints and photos created separately and together, devised as a team effort or as individuals. The show throbs with a young naivete, an imbalance between experiment and knowledge, trial and result. (Gallery, 1 Kikar Kedumim, Old Jaffa).

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2. "Un Sac de Billets" Paris, 1941. The story of two children, Jewish brothers, during the Second World War, who escape to the South of France. The film portrays a cruel world in war in the eyes of naive children. Starring: Paul Eric Shulmann, Richard Constantini. Director: Jacques Dailion. The film is in French with Hebrew subtitles. Thursday, August 2, 1984 at 8.30 pm.

Admission fee: IS600; For members of Friends Association: IS400. Courtesy of

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"I DON'T OBJECT to Jewish studies in the state (non-religious) schools. But not Jewish studies in the religious sense. If the minister of education were not religious himself, I would have no qualms. As it is, I think that the goals of the Education Ministry are not so innocent."

This comment came from Yitzhak Welber, secretary-general of the Teachers Union, in response to a reporter's question on the opening of Taly classes in the state schools. Taly is the acronym for *Tibbur Limudei Ha-Yahadut* - intensified Jewish studies.

The issue has come to the fore because of the battle that has been waged for the last few months between two groups of parents in Gilo Aleph, part of the sprawling post-1967 neighbourhood in south Jerusalem.

Last year, a first-grade Taly class was opened in the Gilo Aleph state school, over the objection of the principal, the teachers, and the parents' committee. Now the fight is focused on the opening of a Taly school in Gilo Aleph in September, consisting of the first four grades.

"It wasn't our original aim to have a separate Taly school," say the leaders of the Parents for Taly in Gilo. "But the Taly class was treated as a step-child, its pupils were made to feel uncomfortable, and they were referred to contemptuously - by teachers as well as by the other pupils - as the *dattiyim*."

Two Taly schools already exist, one in Hod Hasharon and the other in Jerusalem's Givat Shapira (French Hill). In addition, there are four Taly classes in Beersheba, four at the Amishav school in Ramat Gan, and one in the Barvi school in Tel Aviv. These classes are all an integral part of state schools; Taly has nothing to do with the State Religious network.

The legal basis for such classes is Articles 6-8 of the State Education Law of 1953, and the regulations issued subsequently. Briefly put, these regulations enable 75 per cent of the parents of a class - if they win the minister's approval - to substitute subjects of their choice for up to 25 per cent of the curriculum.

There is also a provision enabling parents to request the addition of subjects of their choice, for which they would bear the cost.

Education Minister Zevulun Hammer has urged parents to exercise the rights the law gives them. He said this not in relation to Jewish studies in particular but in advocacy of the benefits of pluralism in education.

THE LAW in question has been used to establish classes and schools where instruction is given "in the spirit of the Labour Movement" and others with special emphasis on the arts.

As far back as 1958, a *mesorati* ("traditional Judaism") as opposed to Orthodox class was established in the Petah Tikva state school whose principal was the writer Yosef Hanani. Yoel Shifman, now director of the Jerusalem Municipality's education department, then deputy mayor of Petah Tikva, gave a push to the new class. Shifman, who wears a *kippa* in his office, is now charged by the Gilo parents for Taly with obstructing their efforts.

Hammer makes no secret of his conviction that enriched Jewish studies are needed to strengthen Jewish identity in the state schools. Zalman Aranne, Mapai education minister in the mid-1960s, introduced the Jewish consciousness programme from the same conviction.

But Yitzhak Welber's statement puts it beautifully. He did not sus-

TALY'S TRIALS

Some parents strongly support the intensified Jewish studies programme in the schools. Others complain that it introduces religion into state schools. The Post's ARYEH RUBINSTEIN reports.



pect Aranne of ulterior motives; he does suspect Hammer.

"I'M NOT RELIGIOUS, but I don't call myself secularist either," says Dorothy Vada'i, one of the leaders of Parents for Taly in Gilo. "It's important to me that my children grow up with a strong sense of Jewish identity." Also present at Vada'i's home are two fellow-Taly activists, Ya'acov Kabilou and Hedyva Benk-in.

Kabilou, director of the social welfare department of the Mateh Yehuda regional council says: "Our aim is to fill a need that is not filled sufficiently in the state schools. We consider State Religious education coercive and feel that Judaism can be taught 'with many questions and not just one answer'."

Some opponents of Taly charge that it is aimed not simply to give Jewish subjects greater weight in the curriculum but to teach a different way of life, to introduce religion into the state schools. The Taly advocates deny the latter charge but they agree that what they want is more than book-learning.

Benkin, a Knesset stenographer, says they don't want their children to learn about Judaism in the abstract, but to learn by doing. That's why in Taly classes the children pray for 10 minutes a day. "Remember," she says, "these children don't have the experience of prayer in their homes."

A letter the group distributed throughout Gilo in a bid to get more parents to register their children for Taly says the programme is designed to educate the children for a Jewish way of life, based on the values of the Jewish tradition.

It notes that the initiators "all agree on the need for an additional educational framework whose aim it is to 'bridge' between the varied approaches."

Russian immigrants in Gilo, Vada'i says, complain that they came to Israel to bring up their children as Jews, but have found that the state school does not do this. Kabilou reports a family recently arrived from France speaking in the same vein: they had not known how much they would have to struggle here to give their children a Jewish education.

particular class of Gilo Aleph that repels them - the teacher, the noise, or something else.

But above all, they say, is the flight from integration. Carmi flashes before me the results of a study showing that the "integration index" (yes, there is such a thing) in the projected four Taly classes is "considerably lower" than that of the first four grades in the mother school.

They do not accuse the proponents of Taly of having set out to create an elitist school. But that is how things are developing, they say. The new school has in fact attracted mainly the bright students of Gilo Aleph.

SHIFMAN SAYS that even if the motives of every Taly registrant are as pure as the driven snow, the school will not come into being unless it is integrated. From its first year, Period.

I don't want to repeat the mistakes we made with the Mesorati school in Givat Shapira and with Givat Gonen, the Katamon school "in the spirit of the Labour movement."

In both of those cases, Shifman says, the municipality permitted too many good pupils to transfer to the new school, to the detriment of the classes they left.

"We will insist on a proper balance in each class. Even if this means that some good pupils in Gilo Aleph will be denied the right to transfer to the Taly school."

In addition, he wants a geographical balance: the pupils of the Taly school should be drawn from all three of Gilo's State schools. Of the 83 pupils registered, 65 are from the Gilo Aleph school. And it was mainly weak pupils that were drawn from Gilo Bet and Gimmel, meaning that the level of those schools rises in comparison with Gilo Aleph. Which is another point that enrages the Gilo Aleph opponents of Taly.

Shifman rejects Carmi's arguments against the Taly idea as such. So long as the law permits diversity, when a group of parents tries to implement the law, the only proper course for the opposition is to try to change the law. And if they think the minister has exceeded his authority in helping the Taly enthusiasts they should petition the High Court. "I think it costs only 400 shekels." It's not the business of the ministry or the municipality - and certainly not Taly's opponents - to judge the wisdom, the sincerity, or the consistency of the parents who choose Taly for their children, Shifman says.

He recalls a conversation with a Russian Oleh who lives in Nove Ya'acov. "In Russia, I was not only not religious but anti-religious. And I still don't observe the *mitzvot* and I don't intend to. But now that I live in Israel I want my son to know that he is a Jew. He needs roots in Israel. I won't send him to a State Religious school. But in the state school he doesn't get enough."

Yet the Parents for Taly in Gilo accuse Shifman of sabotaging their efforts. They say, for example, that registration was originally limited to one week, later being re-opened by Shifman only with the greatest reluctance. And that instead of the Municipality putting up the posters announcing registration to Taly, he turned the job over to the parents.

Shifman says that one week is the standard time for registration, and that the parents volunteered to put up the posters themselves. He charges the Parents for Taly of "taking the easy way" by concentrating their efforts on Gilo Aleph.

It is an effort to get at the truth, I turned to Yehuda Pinsky, acting director of the Education Ministry's department for Jewish educational enrichment.

He balks at the term "sabotage," but otherwise he not only confirms the parents' charges but adds a few of his own. Shifman failed to place any ads in newspapers, which is customary when a new educational programme is launched, and which Shifman promised to do.

Furthermore, Pinsky says, Shifman did not give the parent activist advance notice of the registration dates, despite their repeated requests, but notified them only on the first day of registration, when he handed over the posters. And the posters were only one-quarter of the size usually used in such cases.

Pinsky sums up by saying that in no other city or town did Taly initiators encounter such lack of co-operation from the local education department as they have in this case.

YA'ACOV HADANI, Hammer's education advisor, told me that in order to avoid imposing Taly on the minority in a class that doesn't want it, the ministry prefers that the Taly class be drawn from several parallel classes in the same grade. (But Carmi says that only one day before the opening of the school year was he told that his child was in a Taly class.)

While the regulations require that requests for Taly classes be channelled through the school principal, the latter's approval is not required. To permit the principal to over-ride the parents would go against the whole spirit of the law, Hadani says.

He rejects the description of Taly as "a variant of State Religious education." It can't be that, he says, because the parents do not observe the *mitzvot*. "All they want is that the child learn more about Judaism so that when he grows up he can make an intelligent choice on his own. It's more correct to call it a variant of the State school."

Prayer is not an integral part of the Taly programme, Hadani says. It is included only if the parents want it. Hands are washed before *arvit* and *shema*, the mid-morning break for sandwiches and beverages, and the boys are expected to wear a *kippa* then and during their Bible lessons.

Taly teachers are not necessarily observant themselves, and in general a suitable teacher is found within the ranks of the school itself. Legally, it is the district inspector who approves the teaching assignments, and the parents have no say in the matter. Hadani notes that the chief inspector of Taly, Yona Silberman, is herself not religious.

A Taly teacher tells me that both teachers and parents are sensitive to the danger of conflict between what the child learns - and experiences - in Taly and what he sees at home. But the parents who send their children to Taly are prepared to grapple with any such conflicts that may arise, she says.

Last weekend, Hammer in an interview described Taly as a response to the growing trend among the people "not to permit an atheistic minority to dictate the content of education for all elements of the population."

But Taly has its opponents within the Zionist rabbinate, for fear that it may introduce halachic changes and that it may provide a basis for a Conservative stream in education.

Even some of Hammer's colleagues in the National Religious Party have their doubts about the advisability of the Taly programme, their apprehension being that it may attract pupils now in the State Religious schools.

But this religious opposition to Taly is apparently not enough to allay the suspicions of Yitzhak Welber for fear of polio. This was

HOME SWEET HOME for Mordecai Richler is a light-year away from St. Urbain Street.

The town of Austin, Quebec, straddles the north shore of Lac Memphremagog in the Eastern Townships. The Canada/U.S. border cuts across the lake like a spike. No man's land is closely monitored by U.S. border guards wary of a life of illegal ease in New England or Florida.



It's a one-horse town so tiny and so thinly spread you can pass through it without knowing you've done so. It has a steeped church not much bigger than an old Canadian Pacific Railroad car, a Petro-Canada gas station, a general store stocking such scarcities as roman candles and the latter, and Canadian pennies aren't worth what they once were), and a roadside stall offering steamed hot dogs, greasy "potatoes," and something they've only recently begun calling "hamburger."

Most of the people living here are French-speaking Quebecois, but there's some Anglo money occupying some choice beachfront properties. I ask directions of a man driving a Lincoln; he's wearing an ascot and a badge over his jacket pocket identifying his yacht club. Apparently he's a descendant of the United Empire Loyalists who fled the U.S. during the American War of Independence for British Canada.

They and the French have coexisted after a fashion since being lumped together by political happenstance, "two nations warring in the breast of one country," over 200 years ago. And now they have to get used to the newcomers, people like Mordecai Richler, a "child of the *shetl*" and former St. Urbain St. urchin.

IN HIS latest book, a collection of essays and articles on Canada called *Home Sweet Home: My Canadian Album* (Knopf, \$16.95), Richler recalls the war years, when Quebec was sometimes a scary place to live in.

"There were signs on the highway, *A bas les Juifs!* Adrien Armand, the fascist leader, alarmed us... on a slenzy bench outside Montreal, French Canadians and Jews fought with clubs. A popular Jewish sportsman lost an eye... Raised during the Duplessis years, I cherish memories of the era, among them the time one of his acolytes handed me, on the eve of an election, a pamphlet warning the people of the perfidy of Jewish financiers. It showed a bearded Jew with a bulbous nose, actually drooling as he gathered gold to himself. I also recall, during WWII, one of Duplessis' back-benchers standing up with impunity in the Assembly to protest that Jewish doctors were being allowed to handle diked Gentile flesh in army induction centres. The children of the *shetl* goosing the progeny of *voyageurs*, asking them to cough in English: Such, such were the joys of cultural pluralism."

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Richler revisited

SHELDON TEITELBAUM calls on the Canadian-Jewish writer at his rural retreat on a Quebec lakefront.

uncharted territory where Jews and dogs could expect a brittle welcome, and the clapboard houses of Shawbridge and Prefontaine, while not much to look at, sufficed for the short, hot, Montreal summers.

But times have changed for Montreal Jews, as they have for Mordecai Richler. Today the best-selling book in English language Montreal bookstores is a bloodthirsty little volume called *The Anglo Guide to Survival in Quebec*.

Those who have survived (few have emerged unscathed), have seen strange things in their time: a (former) Quebec government minister called Goldbloom, a (current) National Assembly minister called Marx, and a new generation of Jewish professionals trained not at McGill or Concordia, but at the Université du Montreal, and even more astonishing, at Brebeuf or the Université du Quebec.

"Plus ça change" is not a motto for modern Quebec society. The alterations have been severe. But Mordecai Richler, a man who can live and work anywhere he damn well wants, has come up with a new motto: "*Moi aussi, je me souviens*."

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CAVEAT is Alexander Haig's account of his eighteen months as Secretary of State in the Reagan administration. He states that the book is not an autobiography but rather a personal memoir. He hoped to achieve several obvious aims by it: to offer an apology for his own conduct and policies; to reveal the cynical use of the press by his adversaries in the White House; to warn about the need for a single voice on foreign policy matters (for otherwise a coherent policy is impossible).

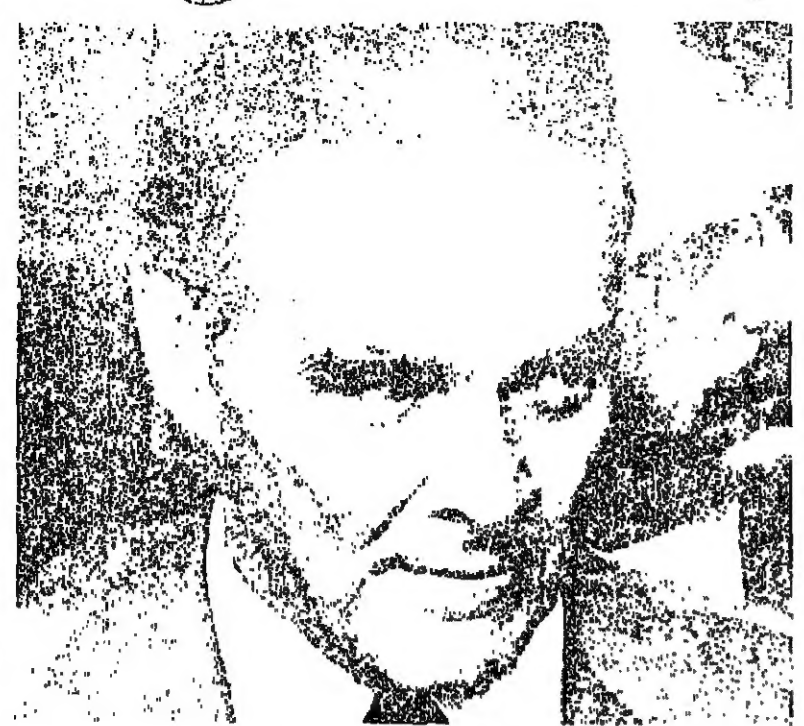
The title of the book expresses Haig's misgivings. A dictionary definition of this Latin word is provided: "a warning enjoining one from certain acts and practices; b) a cautionary explanation to prevent misinterpretation."

The tone of the book is extremely self-righteous, though its author emerges as a man who lacks the flexibility which would enable him to function effectively within a system. Perhaps, after all, Haig is more a soldier than a politician. In the army, vision, skill and discipline make for success; in politics, one must know how to manipulate the system and play the power game. Merit alone won't suffice. Any politician can tell you that it isn't only what you do that matters but what the press says about it.

Clearly, amongst Reagan's aides, there were those who used the press to hurt Haig and undermine him. According to Haig, this didn't take only the form of leaking documents and information which should have remained secret. Wholly untrue stories were fed to the press, and things he had said were consciously distorted. The incident which seems most to have irritated Haig concerned his famous words soon after the attempted assassination of Reagan on March 30, 1981: "As of now, I am in control here." In fact, what he had said was: "As of now, I am in control here, in the White House, pending return of the Vice President and in close touch with him. If something came up, I would check with him, of course." If Haig had been more of a political animal he could have retaliated, have learned how to use the press for his own purposes, just as Henry Kissinger, a man he greatly admires, had done before him.

Nevertheless, while Haig feels a certain bitterness about the press, he also has some good words for it. For example, he believes it played an important role in the sale of the AWACS to Saudi Arabia, because it did an excellent reporting job, and enabled all the actors - including Israel and Saudi Arabia - to let off steam through friendly journalists.

Haig's own story



CAVEAT by Alexander M. Haig Jr. New York, Macmillan, 367 pp. \$17.95.

Susan Hattis Rolef

ONE OF Haig's general observations with which I could identify wholeheartedly is made in connection with the Vietnamese war. He remarks: "In this period, a growing dependence on the gathering of intelligence by technological means downgraded the role of the human analyst. We came more and more to define a fact as something that a camera or an electronic device had recorded." The role of human intelligence, informed by history and experience and sensibility was relegated to a secondary role because it was "fallible." Another remark, this time about demonstrations against the deployment of nuclear weapons, also seems highly relevant, in the broader context of the role of demonstrations, and the way democratically elected governments should react to them: "If democratic governments have an obligation to listen, they have no mandate to yield, and must remember that even if there are a million demonstrators in the streets, they remain demonstrators. The leaders of democracies are the trustees of their governments from election to election; they are not vested by the voters with a

quit-claim deed that entitles them to deliver the nation into the hands of any minority that has a sufficiently forceful argument with the decisions of the majority."

On the specific issue of nuclear deterrence Haig expresses a conventional wisdom which is extremely difficult to brush aside. Experience suggests, he says, "that there is a connection between the policy of making war unthinkable through deterrence and the absence of war."

ISRAEL, ITS actions and its leaders, occupy a large section of Haig's memoir. He does not blame Israel for his fall; he believes that, in addition to his lack of direct access to the President, it was his failure to reach an agreement between Argentina and Britain about the Falklands that cost him his post. (In fact, he was in full sympathy with Margaret Thatcher, who in his opinion had to stand up to the Argentinian junta - not because of the intrinsic importance of the Falklands, but rather because the West could not afford to give in to bullying then any more than it could in 1939.)

One can sense a certain ambivalence in Haig's attitude towards Israel. He expresses much understanding for Israel's positions, and he appears to admire its steadfastness and strong will. On the other hand, he more than hints that Israel had not kept to the rules of the game. Thus, in connection with the

AWACS, he felt that, by speaking to members of Congress, Begin had "lost the sympathy of powerful figures in the Administration and thereby tied the tolerance and understanding of the President, with consequences for Israel and the U.S. and the fate of the Middle East that have not yet entirely revealed themselves." In connection with the Lebanese war, he reiterates that an Israeli operation would only have been justifiable as a reaction to "an internationally recognized provocation."

His account of the famous meeting with Sharon which took place in Washington on May 25, 1982 does not quite tally with the Israeli record. He writes: "Late in May, while on an official visit to Washington, General Sharon shocked a roomful of State Department bureaucrats by sketching out two possible military campaigns... In a strenuous argument with Sharon in the presence of my staff, I challenged these plans, and after the meeting, so that there could be no question that I was playing to an audience, I invited Sharon into my office and told him privately, in the plainest possible language, what I had repeated to him and Begin and their colleagues many times before: unless there was an internationally recognized provocation, and unless Israeli retaliation was proportionate to any such provocation, an attack by Israel into Lebanon would have a devastating effect in the United States."

We do not have any other evidence as to what passed between Haig and Sharon when they were alone together, but we do have minutes of what Haig said in the presence of the aides: "Haig: We understand your goals. There were long discussions with the Prime Minister. There is a large measure of duplicity on the Arab side. I can see your point on the question of provocation. As your allies we cannot tell you not to defend your interests. But there are two aspects which must be taken into account - the reality and the proportions. For you, one man killed is sufficient justification, but when the business gets going, it's a ball game. All I can say is that we understand your problem. I hope that you understand, and will be sensitive to the international aspect, that it will be understood that we are dealing with provocation and not the approach of an eye for an eye..."

Hardly a challenge.

Haig does not say whether he felt that the terrorist attack in London on the Israeli ambassador was a sufficient provocation. He does admit that he knew he could not stop Israel. Perhaps a different secretary

of state would have tried a little harder. However, in this case, as in many others, Haig was inclined to refrain from bullying either friend or foe unless there was some prospect of the U.S. employing force.

The most interesting point made by Haig about the Lebanese war in connection with his belief that, at the time of his resignation, a satisfactory solution for Lebanon was just around the corner, but was bungled by the U.S. because of inconsistency and miscalculation. His conclusion: "Vision without discipline is a day-dream. All that we labored so hard to grasp, and had come so close to grasping, slipped away, with consequences not yet wholly revealed." Perhaps Haig does not realize (nor did Arik Sharon) that vision with discipline are not sufficient for success. The realism which Haig refers to so frequently must be a component also.

WHETHER or not one agrees with Haig's views on realism, or with his strongly conservative policies, his memoir is certainly a useful record for all students of American foreign policy. There are three reasons for this: a) it expounds the beliefs of the man who was the fifty-ninth American secretary of state, in clear terms, and without mincing words; b) it reveals many interesting facts about the issues Haig dealt with as secretary of state: China, the Soviet Union, Poland, Central America; c) it explains why American foreign policy frequently seems so incoherent and full of internal contradictions.

Haig's portraits of political leaders he encounters are rather shallow. His admiration for Reagan, despite the disappointments he had suffered, does not convince. He has this to say about Caspar Weinberger: "It is not easy to convince other governments or the public that the Minister of Defence of a superpower is talking off the top of his head on issues of war and peace. Caspar Weinberger is a capable man, immensely likable and honest, a talented administrator, and a stubborn fighter for what he believes is right... But his tendency to blurt out locker-room opinion in the guise of policy was one that I prayed he might overcome..."

This book is certainly not an official history of U.S. foreign policy from December 1980 to June 1982, nor an objective study of it. Yet any official history or objective study will have to take Caveat into account. And those who wish to pass judgement on Haig, whether on ideological or personal grounds, should not overlook his own account of these eighteen months.

Hardly a challenge.

sort of like recycling people - which becomes like shoving a rock up a hill only to have it roll down again at the end of the night." The alternative to laughter is too grim to be contemplated.

AS A long-established Monty Python fan, I feel it my duty to renounce any claim to objectivity before discussing *The Missionary*.

Between the films they make together, the members of the Monty Python team separate, each to pursue his own personal projects. Terry Gilliam's *Time Bandits* reached our shores not long ago. It would please me to learn that Graham Chapman's *Yellowbeard* and the Michael Palin film whose script I have just enjoyed are not far behind.

Palin has cast himself as Charles Fortescue, the missionary who returns to England after 10 years in Africa and sets up a mission for fallen women. Trevor Howard,

Maggie Smith and other reliable names help make a very strong supporting cast.

What really delighted me in the script were the absurd characters these fine actors were called upon to play. I cannot refrain from mentioning one or two. Fortescue's fiancée, Deborah Fitzbanks, is more than slightly naive: she thinks fallen women are "women who've hurt their knees." The only thing she really loves is fishing. She eventually has two children whom she names A and B. Denholm Elliott plays the sports-mad Bishop of London who is credited with a hymn for squash players, "Oh little ball we smite thee."

Finally, and most topically, there is Slatterthwaite, the butler with no sense of direction, played by Michael Hordern, who "was last seen in Southern Lebanon on the way home from London to his house in Dorking." I loved every page.

UNLIKE OTHER journalists and writers, the function of a political columnist is neither to provide information nor entertain. Rather, his (or her) purpose is to interpret, to analyse and to provoke his readers by giving them different perspectives on the events of the day.

Shmuel Katz should be well qualified for this task. As an unrepentant Revisionist well connected with the Likud government, he represents a perspective not often found in *The Jerusalem Post*. For a short time after Begin became prime minister, he was placed in charge of Israel's information (propaganda) effort, before resigning over what he saw as excessive concessions in negotiations with Egypt. He writes clearly, often eloquently and with conviction, about the Arab-Israeli conflict, Jerusalem, and the history of Israel. For anyone not familiar with this history (including most policy-makers and journalists in the U.S. and Europe), this volume will serve as an introduction.

As a columnist, however, Shmuel Katz's record is mixed. A large proportion of the over 100 columns that are included in this collection are devoted to the inadequacies of America's Middle East policies. He reviews the pressures brought to bear on Israel in negotiations with Egypt between 1978 and 1982. American innocence and naivete in dealing with Saudi Arabia, Jordan, and Syria are repeatedly exposed, and Jimmy Carter's ignorance of the most basic geographical and historical facts is deservedly held up to ridicule.

From his perspective, Katz cannot understand how American promises and assurances, one month, not to sell the Saudis advanced weapons, is followed, next month, by the sale of AWACS and F-15 enhancements. He waxes most indignantly at Washington's selective deafness when the "moderate" Arabs announce their intentions of expelling the Jews from the area.

Many of Katz's readers probably share this indignation, which means that his eloquence is largely wasted. If these columns were published in *The Washington Post* or *The Denver Post* instead of *The Jerusalem Post*, they might reach readers who are in need of enlightenment and could influence American policy.

"THERE WERE in fact many sides to Alfred Hitchcock's complex character. There was the visual poet of anxiety and accident who avoided both, and who, according to many, deserves a place with Kafka and Dostoevski and Conrad and Poe. There was the obsessed technician who worked at the business of pure cinema, trying for over a half-century to make popular but perfect motion pictures. There was the shameless impersonator of an English burgher. There was the publicist who devoted himself to the advancement of his own cause. There was the modest family man who seemed to embody middle-class values even while he travelled first class. There was the magician, dealing in lights and mirrors with a blithe hand and black humour. There was the chronicler of unusual emotional states. There was the bully commercial tycoon on the suffering

trailer after the day's work, he made an overt sexual proposition that she could neither ignore nor answer casually, as she could his previous gestures. There was no precedent for the savage bird attack he had forced her to endure. She was appalled and shaken, but he persisted and became threatening; her income would be reduced so that she would not be able to help her parents; she would be forced to accept small roles in shabby television serials Universal was beginning to market; he would ruin her, make her as notable a mockery as he has a star. These alternatives she could accept; acquiescence she could not."

Hitchcock was not a man to allow anyone into his fetid inner sanctum. However, hearty helpings of his pathology are on view at cinemas throughout the world. His intrinsic demons were mirrored by his creations far more than any rational moviegoer would care to believe.

Spot to has written an impressive biography. While he is obviously a great admirer of Hitchcock's work, his research is exhaustive and unsparing. The devils and the saints inside Hitchcock are all called by their right names, this book is a rarity: film scholarship that entertains.

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Narrow focus lens



BATTLETRUTH: THE WORLD AND ISRAEL by Shmuel Katz. Tel Aviv, Dvir, 400 pp. No price stated.

Gerald M. Steinberg

WHEN ADDRESSING Israeli readers, he is often more on-target. His columns from the period preceding and during the euphoria of the "surrender at Camp David," until the final pollout from the Sinai, provide a useful historical overview. Throughout this volume, the reader is reminded of the excessively rosy picture of peace with Egypt presented by the government, and of Begin's awkward attempts to square the autonomy circle. Katz was quick to note the implications of the "self-governing authority" provided for the West Bank and Gaza in the Camp David agreement. He deplores the "desperate clutching at the wind" in the attempt to find

other interpretations which would conform to the Israeli government's subsequent actions. "Do the Israeli spokesmen... seriously intend telling the Americans and the Egyptians, with a straight face, that these formulations - to which the Prime Minister solemnly set his signature - do not mean what they say?"

At the same time, for those who blame Israel for the "Cold Peace," and the deteriorating relations with Egypt, Katz notes that, even in Sadat's time, Egypt was more interested in recovering Sinai and its position in the Arab world than in "normalization." Given his very narrow ideological focus, however, Katz never considers whether, despite the inflated rhetoric, the risks taken at Camp David might have been justified by the potential benefits. What ever the limits, present relations with Egypt might be enough to prevent a war or two. On both sides, that hope is worth something.

WHILE AMERICANS are politically naive, and the Likud government is weak in the face of US pressure, Pence Now is doing the work of the PLO, according to Katz. Similarly, the "unscrupulous" Labour opposition has provided "encouragement and support" to the growth of anti-Semitism. In their criticism of government policy on the West Bank and Gaza, and of settlement policy in particular, these groups serve as "Israeli sources" which can be quoted by outsiders to legitimize their "campaign against Israel and the Jewish people." To make his point, Katz cites the activities of some Peace Now supporters who made brief careers out of damning Israel in the U.S. media.

The activities of Pence Now outside of Israel indeed raise some serious questions. On the other hand, within Israel, this group has forced the fundamental questions of Israeli policy onto the public agenda. In his columns, Katz confines himself to knocking down the "straw men" (and women) he has erected, but avoids the substance of opposition to Likud policy. One wonders how he forges the future of the Jewish state which, in its blindness, absorbs one million Arabs from the West Bank and Gaza. His failure to address this issue is indicative of his weakness as a political columnist. Furthermore, repetition of the "fifth column" charge heard all too often in Israel is a gross distortion for which the author should be thoroughly embarrassed.

In contrast, Katz's best contribution to political debate within Israel comes in his columns on non-security issues affecting Israel. One article on secular - religious relations, entitled "Football and the Fence around the Torah," is particularly good. Other pieces deal with the failure of the Likud's domestic and economic policies and the continued politicization of government bureaucracy. In 1979, Katz wrote that "once in power, the Likud leaders seemed to have forgotten why they had come to power. In practicality no field has a serious, intelligent effort been made to solve the grave internal problems inherited from the Alignment..." Maybe the next volume of collected works will be weighted more in this direction, where it is likely to be the most useful.

Enterprise

ISRAELI COMPANIES ON WALL STREET by Joseph Morgenstern. Tel Aviv, 136 pp. \$9.00.

Aaron Sittner

JOSEPH MORGENSTERN has a way of "investing in Israel" without settling here. The method he suggests in his book is to buy shares in Israeli companies. He refers to the



weathered ones, whose equities are traded on the vast U.S. financial markets collectively known as Wall Street.

Morgenstern, who probably knows Wall Street better than the street on which he lives, has taken 136 pages to list 15 such Israeli publicly held firms. And he gives the reader more than just a thumbnail sketch of capitalization and main products.

In this little volume - illustrated with actual company scenes - the author describes the share issue, names the underwriter, gives several years of "financial highlights" pertaining to the companies, and digs deep into a company's innards to give the reader a reasonably good idea of what the company might offer in the way of an investment opportunity.

Typical of the way Wall Street pundit who refuses to go into print promising a "sure thing" to his readers, Morgenstern prefers to furnish the vital data and leave it to the reader's intelligence to discern value and - hopefully - uncover a "sleeper" that will soon come to life and bring riches to the share owner.

IN a recent chat with the author, the present reviewer learned that investors in five of the companies listed in the book have done "extremely well" in the past three years. Like almost all of the companies described in the book, these five are so-called "high tech" industries - the type of enterprise the State of Israel is looking to in order to get the wheels of economic growth turning again. This is probably the first time all Israeli firms with shares traded abroad have been grouped together between the covers of a single book. Morgenstern deserves praise for this.

Included in the list of 15 companies are the 10 which Israelis may invest abroad if they would rather buy there than on the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange. But the target readership of this book is probably the non-Israeli investor who, familiar with the ins-and-outs of risk-reward ratio figuring, keeps an eye peeled for fundamental value.

Joseph Morgenstern seems to think there's a lot of that around. He may be right.

"DRESSING as a nun can be habit-forming." Corporal Klinger was once cautioned on the M*A*S*H comedy series. The proliferation of lines such as these what motivates me to turn on the idiot-box whenever Jordan TV screens an episode. When an American sitcom actually generates some verbal wit, which M*A*S*H often does, I consider it rare enough to deserve attention. M*A*S*H ran for 11 seasons, before finally winding up at the end of last February. This book should do something to console the many mourning fans.

Everything you wanted to know about M*A*S*H but were laughing too hard to ask can be found within these lavishly illustrated pages. The bulk of the book is given over to profiles of the eleven regular cast members, led by Alan Alda, and the three most important men behind the scenes: Larry Gelbart, Burt Metcalfe and Gene Reynolds. Great

Elegy for a sitcom

M*A*S*H: The Exclusive Inside Story of TV's Most Popular Show by David S. Reiss. Indianapolis/New York, Bobbs-Merrill, 168 pp. \$9.95. THE MISSIONARY by Michael Palin. London, Methuen, 127 pp. \$6.95.

Hillel Tryster

emphasis is placed on the reality the series allowed itself, which on occasion went as far as having totally sympathetic characters killed off. All the cast and crew speak of the wonderful and unique atmosphere on the M*A*S*H set and explain it as the simple result of a team of people caring very deeply about what they are doing.

Almost 30 pages are devoted to brief summaries of all the episodes including a detailed synopsis of the final 150 minute special. All the dozens of awards won by M*A*S*H and its makers are listed and, to top it all off, there's a selection of fan mail.

It is no paradox that comedy flourishes in such a deadly environment as wartime Korea. The man most responsible for getting the series off the ground, Gene Reynolds, had this to say about the situation: "They're in the middle of a war where everything is designed to destroy, to tear bodies up, to maim, to kill. They're in the business of putting these bodies back together again, only to have them sent back -

YITZHAK AUERBACH Orpaz has now completed the third volume of his *Athalia Cycle*. It is called *Haelem* (which Orpaz renders as *A Charming Traitor* in English). For the reader who has read the first two novels of the series, *Bait Levudim* (*A House for One*), and *Hagevira* (*The Mistress*), this third volume begins surprisingly. Orpaz has jumped from the eccentric point of view of Isaac Orman to the mind of Yoniv Avnet, an adolescent who had been a minor character in the first two books. The tone is quite similar to Salinger's in *The Catcher in the Rye*, where the narrator also inhabits an alienated adolescent mind.

In all three of Orpaz's books the characters are surrounded by a pantheon of mythological figures and an array of cosmic forces: gigantic women (chiefly Athalia Rapoport, the mistress of the second novel, the earth-goddess of the left who enthralled Izic Orman and many other figures in this fiction), eccentric and venerable old people, trees, ghosts, and animals.

These novels are all centred on Tel Aviv. Yoniv's milieu is a small group of leftist pseudo-intellectuals, self-deceiving unstable young people who fill their lives with impulsive activities and throw away unearned money.

ORPAZ'S Tel Aviv can be viewed in contrast to David Shachar's Jerusalem, where vortices open up to the remotest past, and where life is imbued with memory. Memory in Orpaz's books is only upsetting, a reminder of violated trust. For Izic Orman, nothing is left of the past except guilt, and Yoniv has neither past nor future, only a present that is constantly in danger of lapsing into emptiness.

He is a gratuitous youth, someone who has everything and wants nothing. He compares himself to his grandparents' generation and won-

Treason of apathy

HAELEM (A Charming Traitor) by Yitzhak Auerbach Orpaz, Tel Aviv, Am Oved, 256 pp. No price stated.

Jeffrey M. Green

ders why he has no energy. Did that generation use up all the available supply? Yoniv's friend calls him a "gerontophile," an inclination which is expressed both by Yoniv's devotion to his old aunt and in the care he lavishes upon Fritz, a fat, tired old tom-cat. Interestingly, his actual, biological grandparents have nothing to do with him. His mother has cast off her own parents, and his father's are also out of the picture.

Yoniv's parents are a grotesque couple we have met at Izic's friends in the earlier books. In the first novel this couple earns a measure of tragic dignity because Gil, Nathan's son from a previous marriage, is killed in the Yom Kippur War. But Nathan makes Gil's death a part of his career, becoming a prominent but despised parent (shades of Kaniel's *Last Jew*). In the second novel, the Avnests are seldom on the ground, always in flight to one conference or another, a kind of joke. But in the third one, the joke sour. They become Yoniv's parents, always leaving him alone. Nathan's only concern about his son is for his future, never for the present. What will he do with his great gift? For Yoniv is highly intelligent, talented at music, a skillful draughtsman, an electronics whiz, and a fine mechanic. Of course the more Nathan presses Yoniv to commit himself to his future, the more Yoniv refuses to admit that he has one. Yoniv is classically talented and unmotivated, the kind of child that makes parents and

teachers tear out their hair.

A major section of *Haelem* is devoted to Yoniv's obsession with an abandoned house near his. It was once inhabited by Madeleine, a beautiful woman whose husband murdered her out of jealousy. It was never established whether there actually was a lover to "justify" that crime of passion. Yoniv believes he can see Madeleine's ghostly face behind the closed shutters of a window in the house, and, behind her face, that of his father, the putative lover who precipitated the crime. Yoniv succeeds in infecting his mother with his obsession, an apparent effort to inject some passion into his parents' rigid lives. He also makes a love on his parents' bed, and regrets it. His partner is Sarina, a beautiful girl whose desire for Yoniv makes him the object of her lover's vengeance, and the use of his parents' bed has been her idea.

Unlike most adolescents, Yoniv does not pursue heterosexual sex. It comes to him frequently but means little to him. His main sexual desire is to be aroused and not have an orgasm, not to finish and be emptied. At the end of the novel he dreams that Felix, Sarina's lover, rapes him in an army bunk, and that fantasy pollutes him as no other brush with vice or filth had done.

Still, Yoniv craves Felix's passion. His feeling that he will never love anyone unto death is part of the fearful emptiness that overwhelms him from time to time. The one person he does love, Yali, is a somewhat older young man who is afraid of his homosexual impulses. The idea does not seem to deter Yoniv, who is not, however, portrayed as potentially gay. Nor does one have the impression that a sexual union

between Yoniv and Yali would redeem either of the two. No promise for redemption through sexual fulfillment is held out in this highly idiosyncratic series of novels.

THERE WAS more humour in the first two books, more of an ironic distance between narrator and main character, and they gave Izic Orman's panic in the face of violence and the void a playful character. If the characters and their world were not entirely convincing, one reminded oneself that they were grotesques, we were in a world that had gone around a bend which, so far, life had not yet taken. However, the third book is far more inexorable and makes a stronger claim of verisimilitude. As one reads, one wonders, "Could there really be someone quite so indifferent as Yoniv?" Is he meant to be representative of his generation or symbolic of modern Israel? Here Orpaz must convince us like any other realistic novelist, and I must say I harbour some doubts.

It could be that my doubts are self-deception, unwillingness to face the full dimensions of Israel's moral and cultural crisis. Just as Orpaz is hard on his reader from a technical point of view, and makes him concentrate to follow events, his subject matter is also hard on the reader, unsparing. He refuses to ignore what he sees as the cruel truths about modern life in Israel, cruelty here, perhaps, than in other, more settled places, because of the great tensions afflicting our society: war, ethnic unrest, political passions, unresolved issues inherited from the past, and a stridence that often gives way to violence. "How can anyone possibly live in Israel?" is the central question of all three of these books, not that life elsewhere is proposed as a real alternative. Each character offers an answer to that riddle. No two answers are the same, and none is conclusive.

Fragments

PITCH DARK by Rema Adler, New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 144 pp., \$12.95

Shelley Kleiman

DID I throw the most important thing perhaps, by accident, away?" is one of the many questions running through Rema Adler's second novel. It is asked by the narrator, Kate Ennis, a journalist who, for the past eight years, has been having an affair with Jake, a married man of no particular merit, so it seems. Kate decides to conclude the affair, though at the end of the novel Jake wants her back. On his own terms, of course.

This straightforward, and, on the surface, unoriginal plot does not unravel quite so simply. In fact, there is no sustained narrative to follow, and the entire story must be pieced together bit by bit, from fragments of conversation, anecdotes, and personal reflections and commentaries on world affairs. *Pitch Dark* is not so much a novel about a broken affair as about the inner state of a despairing woman. Its fragmentary structure reflects the narrator's turmoil.

Kate travels around the world to break free of Jake. The places she visits, though, are also states of mind, remote and isolated. A central part of the novel is devoted to her flight to Ireland. Kate accepts an offer to stay in a castle owned by an ambassador she barely knows. Driving to it in a rented car, she grazes the side of a truck. The owner leaves Kate standing in the street while he confers with a policeman. Not accepting her offer to pay for the damage, the truck driver and the policeman tell Kate that everything will be taken care of. Suspicion of their motives (she later learns that their intent was to deceive the insurance company, not her), and with a sense of having done something wrong, even sinister, Kate continues her journey.

AT THE castle, Kate finds the domestics cold and disliking. "Talk to them, the ambassador had said, they are a friendly people. Well, hell they are." Their hostility intensifies Kate's already paranoid sense of guilt and foreboding. Impulsively, she decides to drive to Dublin in the middle of the night to catch the next plane to London. The roads are deserted yet Kate is sure she is being followed. She runs out of gas and is given a lift by a passing truckdriver. (Was he, perhaps, a terrorist?) Kate makes it to London, but, true to her own neuroses, not before changing the name on her plane ticket.

The nightmarish quality of this episode has, like most of the novel, little to do with Jake. As a study of a haunted mind, *Pitch Dark* does have its merits. Kate's ruminations on Homer and on journalistic ethics, on injustice and lawsuits, reveal a keen and humane mind. But the subject of Jake has no proper form or function in this novel, and Kate's relationship with a sickly raccoon is more believable. Her despair seems excessive, and it becomes difficult to sympathize with her plight. "You are, you know, you were the nearest thing to a real story to happen in my life," is another of Kate's refrains. By the end of the novel it becomes more and more annoying. Unfortunately, Kate's obsession with Jake turns *Pitch Dark* into melodrama.

ETERINITY'S ICE cream is made from soybean milk rather than from the tofu, Irving explained to me. The other major ingredients are brown sugar, seasonal fruits, tefina, honey and natural flavourings. There is no chocolate, for instance, but there is a carob flavour. The other flavours, thus far are vanilla, orange, lemon, banana, black walnut, and pineapple.

I found that it tasted very similar to the light South American-style ice creams sold around town, and if I had not known in advance I wouldn't have guessed that it was non-dairy. I also found it hard to believe that the tofu sticks, which resemble fish fingers in a natural tartar sauce, were made entirely without salt. "Our products contain neither sodium nor sea-salt," Irving assured me. He said that various seasonings make up for its absence.

Other light meals include tofu "cheeses" on wholewheat bread and tofu "yoghurt" with fresh fruit. There are even tofu cream pies, "waffle supreme", "milk" shakes, and banana splits. Beverages include a natural root beer — which should appeal to nostalgic Americans who have not had their favourite non-alcoholic drink for a long time.

Although there is no cholesterol at all in Eternity ice cream, it does of course contain calories, but fewer than in the regular kind. Eternity showed me lab test results reporting about 150 calories per scoop. According to *Time* very rich American ice cream has around 250 calories per 100g. Our ordinary local ice creams are probably somewhat less than that.

Irving is negotiating with the Tel

On the waterfront



Aviv Rabbinate for a kosher certificate which will attest that there are no meat or dairy ingredients in any of his products. The Eternity ice cream parlours are closed on Shabbat. Otherwise, they are open from 9 a.m. to 10.30 p.m., and on Saturday night.

Prices of Eternity ice cream are comparable to those in the neighbourhood generally. Last week, a single-scoop cone cost \$125 — and the cones are specially made from wholewheat flour — and a kilo to take home was \$1,200. A light meal of tofu fingers with a generous salad and wholewheat bread ran to about \$1,000.

Eternity parlours are attractively fitted out in a black and yellow colour scheme, and the youthful Black Hebrew assistants, male and female, wearing immaculate yellow-and-white uniforms, are all bilingual.

TEL AVIV-JAFFA's only natural resource in the seaford. It is gratifying to see progress towards making good use of its two ports north and south of the city — both of which ceased to function as freight harbours when Ashdod was opened in 1963. There are signs that the ports may come to life again as pleasure-craft harbours and centres for shopping, entertainment and tourism.

Tomorrow (Saturday) evening marks the opening of Design Centre in Jaffa Port's old Warehouse No. 4. This huge furniture and interior-decor showroom is said to be unique in the country. Instead of separate areas for each exhibitor, the products of various manufacturers will be intermingled in fully-decorated model flats.

Responsible for their planning is Tel Aviv designer Ruth Spitzer, who

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

conceived the entire idea of Design Centre. The co-investors are Mordechai Pinhasov, a contractor, and Eldad Spiwak, an engineer. The showroom covers 3,000 sq.m. with offices on a gallery level, where consumers can get brief on-the-spot advice for free, or order a custom-made decorator's plan.

Exhibitors include major firms such as Danish (general furniture), Berg (children's), Forma (living rooms), Tagiv (prefab walls), Nussbaum (textiles), Soloor (sanitary fixtures, ceramic tiles), Negev Ceramics, and Amcor. Telephones, intercoms, carpets, potted plants, and even paintings by famous artists will be incorporated in the room designs. There will be artisans working on the premises, including some who paint designs on plain locally-made bathroom tiles.

Design Centre is determined to make the place a "happening," not just a store, and has provided a nursery area with babysitters. Thoughtfully, this is placed adjacent to the toilet facilities, which include special ones for the handicapped — something this country has been slow in adopting.

The refreshment area will offer several possibilities — a cafeteria with various light foods, a Chinese corner, an ice cream bar. Design Centre will be open continuously from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. every day except Friday when it will close by mid-afternoon. The management says it has permission from the municipality to open on Shabbat for viewing only.

People heading for Design Centre

should go to the Jaffa Port and look for signs leading to the Centre's own gate, where entrance is free. Taking a car through the main gate to the port costs \$50, which includes parking. Anyone on foot pays \$15 each to enter the port.

WHEN I INQUIRE about overall development plans for Jaffa Port, people ask if I've seen Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco. I haven't, but I understand it is an area crammed with restaurants, snack bars, shops and craftsmen's stalls. Jaffa Port, presumably, may look like that some day.

For the moment, the only shops there are the Design Centre and a duty-free shop called Classica, which is open only to foreign diplomats, UN personnel, and those few departing travellers who sail from Jaffa for Cyprus on the Andromeda.

By next summer, however, Jaffa is to have harbour facilities for some 300 vessels — both pleasure craft and fishing boats, with plans for up to 1,000 vessels at a later stage.

"We intend to put Tel Aviv-Jaffa on the international yachting map," I was told by Yehuda Semberg, who holds three titles in connection with the ports here. He is harbour-master of the ports of Jaffa and Tel Aviv and director-general of Marine Trust Ltd., a company set up in 1937 to develop "the first Hebrew port" — i.e. Tel Aviv Port. Jaffa Port is under the direct control of the Ministry of Transport, whereas Tel Aviv Port still belongs to the Marine Trust, in which the government and the municipality today hold the bulk of the shares, with only some 18 per cent held by the general public.

The plans to make an international yachting harbour in Jaffa Port are progressing rapidly, I'm told. Construction of breakwaters, dry docks,

slipways and floating jetties is underway and the first stage should be operational by next summer. Also planned are all kinds of auxiliary facilities for visiting yachtsmen — customs offices, maritime police, banks, servicing facilities for boats, a hotel, etc.

Semberg has already had approaches from European yachting groups interested in the prospects of winter-docking at Jaffa rather than Greece or other Mediterranean spots.

THE TEL AVIV PORT is more problematic. Harbour-master Semberg would like to see the dilapidated port area revived by moving inside its gates many of the restaurants and nightclubs of the adjoining "Little Tel Aviv" neighbourhood.

However, the municipality has other ideas. It views it as part of a grandiose overall project called Marina City, which would include yet another yachting harbour, reclamation of land from the sea, the relocation of the Sde Dov airport and luxury seaford apartments. So long as Marina City is on the drawing-boards, the municipality has frozen any other development plans for the entire area.

Meanwhile, the old Tel Aviv Port area continues to be what it has been for several years — mainly a collection of importers' and wholesalers' salesrooms for ceramic tiles and bathroom and kitchen fixtures. There are about a dozen of these, each in an enormous warehouse.

From the outside, they all seem to be selling imported goods, mainly from Italy. Inside, however, some of them offer the products of local manufacturers. These are Negev Ceramics of Yeruham, which makes extra-strong ceramic floor tiles which are also usable for walls; and the Koor complex companies, Harsa of Beersheba, which makes sinks and toilet bowls, Burhour of Acre (wall tiles), and the plumbing accessory brands, Hamat, Dumut and Misomat.

Local products are considered to be good quality, at more or less the same prices as Italian imports. The Koor people told me that while the importers make a bigger profit on the imported brands, Shener warehouse is most likely to promote local products, because it belongs to the Clal enterprises. Negev Ceramics of Yeruham has a big showroom of its own at 24 King George in Tel Aviv, and the Koor affiliate firms all display their wares at Soloor showrooms around the country.

Apart from ceramics, the other commercial enterprises in the Tel Aviv Port area include an antiques importer and the prestigious carpet-making firm Arbel. The latter is having trouble with the municipality, which is trying to evict it from the premises where it has been making hand-tufted carpets and displaying all its wares for many years.

The authorities are being harder on Arbel than on the ceramics firms, which have short leases from Marine Trust and can be evicted easily to make way for the Marine City development. They have taken Arbel Carpets to court on the formal grounds of operating without a business licence.

Arbel's management counters that it would like to acquire a licence and stay permanently to blend with the plans for Marine City. The rug-makers argue that they are "artists," whose workshop makes no noise or pollution, and which is an attraction for tourists at nearby luxury hotels, who come to watch the carpet-making, and to buy.

Martha Meisels

THE WHOLE rich scope of life is contained in these two novels about pairs of girls who grow up to taste love, ambition, hatred, adversity and success — in short, to experience the extremes of living.

Light A Penny Candle begins in wartime England. Violet White, a friendless and unhappy woman much addicted to romantic literature, faces a dilemma: she must find someone safe to take in her child for the duration of the war. Little Elizabeth realizes that her home is less than happy, but she is frightened when her mother decides to send her to an old friend, Eileen O'Connor. Yet it is Elizabeth's formative years with the O'Connor family that transform the shrinking and slightly unhealthy child into an outgoing and friendly being. Much of the transformation can be attributed to Aisling, one of the hurly-burly O'Connors, who is exactly Elizabeth's age. As the two are forced into the intimacy of sisters for the duration of the war, Elizabeth takes on some of Aisling's more independent qualities, while Aisling's rough edges are somewhat smoothed.

With the war's end, Elizabeth returns to her London home, back to the same unhappy and dissatisfied atmosphere that had haunted her childhood. With the self-confidence engendered by her Irish foster family, she tries to improve her own family lot, but it is already much too late. Elizabeth's mother runs off with her wartime lover, only to become insane. The dour and disoriented father offers Elizabeth no warmth, — and she has to grow up virtually on her own.

Extremes of living

LIGHT A PENNY CANDLE by Maeve Binchy, London, Coronet, 597 pp. £4.50.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS by Shirley Hazzard, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 333 pp. £4.50.

Michelle Cameron

Her friendship with Aisling continues through letters, and this less than satisfactory link is strengthened by the tribulations both girls undergo, which include, for Elizabeth, an abortion, a rupture with her lover and a boring marriage; and for Aisling, an unconsummated marriage to a drunkard.

Much of Maeve Binchy's riveting novel consists of the conflict between Catholic and Protestant lifestyles. A Protestant child in a strongly Catholic environment, Elizabeth cannot help but be influenced by the heavy emphasis on religion. Everyone in the O'Connor's town attends church; all of her classmates are inundated with the miracles and saints of Mother Church. The little girl is "baptized" into the faith several times by her friends, who are afraid that the last conversion may not have "caught." Yet, returning to her home, Elizabeth reverts to her family's less strict beliefs. As a result, she can accept events which shock and horrify

her Irish friend — her mother's affair and divorce, her own love affair and subsequent abortion. And because of this, she cannot understand Aisling's submissiveness in choosing to remain for so long with her worthless husband.

Yet Miss Binchy has a definite point to make here, and she makes it when Aisling helps her friend undergo her abortion — praying for her in the best Catholic tradition as the operation is performed. She makes it again when Elizabeth tries to mask her distress at Aisling's marital troubles. The gulf between the two ways of faith and life is wide — but not so wide that it cannot be bridged by simple friendship, and much love.

This is the type of book you read, if not at one sitting, then during days when you ignore everything else, and give yourself over to the delightful story. *Light A Penny Candle* is a remarkable first novel, vital, well-spun and panoramic book.

EQUALLY remarkable is Shirley Hazzard's *The Transit of Venus*, a hard-cover success some two years ago, and now available in paperback. Caroline and Grace Bell are two Australian children whose parents are drowned, leaving them to be brought up by their embittered elder sister, Dora. Dora makes their lives a misery until eventually they all three make their way to London to find their fortune. Grace, with few ambitions and the

character of an angel, sits at the complaints desk in Harrods. Caro bides her time in a bookshop, studying for civil service examinations.

Grace is soon married to a stuffy young civil servant. Their dull marriage is punctuated by his almost mandatory office-affair and by Grace's deep love for the town's doctor, but she remains faithful to her husband, and settles down to a loveless, yet contented, life.

Caro, the more demanding of the sisters, will not be satisfied with so little. She spurs the love of a talented young scientist, and has a passionate affair with a playwright, who throws her over. An underpaid, overworked civil servant, a woman in a man's world, Caro finally marries a rich American. Returning to England after his death, she is rewarded with something very few women attain: a second chance at her first love.

This novel is about love and the sacrifices that must and must not be made for love's sake. Grace, the author implicitly states, would never truly be happy in an ill-fated love affair, nor could she face running off, deserting family and home, for love's sake. Caro, on the other hand, could not do less. Love, for her, is everything, and she gives up the prospect of comfort for years, until she finds a man she can love properly. The two sisters live out their lives much as they began them: Grace a gentle creature, content yet somehow whimsically sad; Caro a vibrant woman, uncompromising in the face of life. Neither character is "right" or "wrong" — they simply are what they have to be. A rich and moving novel.